

Light of Truth.

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Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Led to the Light.

By HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER I.

BLOOD.

The next evening the church was packed from aisle to gallery. A fall of snow gave sleighing, and from afar in the country and adjoining villages the people came. The jingle of bells was heard on every street, and such a rush the quiet town never before witnessed. Sherwood Canning had been detained and was rapidly walking along a cross street by which he saved some distance in reaching Mr. Arling's residence. He was too absorbed to take note of his surroundings, when he came in violent collision with a man standing on the side walk. A glance showed that it was Waldro.

"Why did you do this?" sternly asked Canning. The idiotic creature appeared bereft of his senses and stood with a look of horror on his pallid face.

"Speak! What mean you?"

With a gurgle in his throat the idiot motioned with his hand to the gutter made by throwing up the road-bed, where lay the body of a woman. The snow was splashed with blood, and a dark pool extended from her mouth. The lamp-light, thrown dimly from the distant street corner, threw a ghastly indistinctness, making the sight terrible.

Canning knelt beside her. She was yet alive, and when he raised her head supporting it with his knee she gasped for breath.

"Waldro, bring the doctor and be quick!" he said to the imbecile, who disappeared. The doctor was at the church and Waldro ran with his swiftest pace and as the evangelist was warning to his subject, rushed breathless into the sanctuary shouting, "Doctor, doctor, come—murder—murder!"

The congregation were abruptly aroused from the hypnotic spell under which they were falling, and wildly followed the doctor as he hastened down the aisle. They found Canning supporting the woman, anxiously waiting assistance. The doctor made an examination and solemnly shaking his head after the prescribed ethical and etiquetrical code of his profession, pronounced life extinct.

Who was the victim? No one knew. She was young, not more than twenty years, and had a beautiful face, marked with sorrow. Her clothing were of rich material, though worn, and the little traveling bag indicated that she came to the town by the cars.

Mr. Canning called the undertaker and gave the body into his charge, as no one else appeared interested and then hastened to escort Stella to the church, where the people had again assembled.

The evangelist had a living text now instead of a dead sentence from a dead book. He was unusually pale and his sensuous lips were tightly drawn.

"In life be warned of death!" he said in a resonant voice as from a sepulchre. "I have warned sinners to flee from the wrath to come. You heed it not? Nor did this poor woman—a woman of Babylon. And in a moment without warning she was called to meet her God! Everyone of you may in an hour be called. Are you prepared! Are you prepared! Have you been regenerated by the blood of the lamb of God? Come now this moment and escape eternal damnation."

The effect of an hour's lurid eloquence was indescribable, some sank into a cataleptic state, others shouted, and others wept. Then came the closing prayer, reflecting the sermon, but carefully pointed out infidelity. The evangelist depicted the terrible tragedy that had occurred that night, a woman—a stranger, perhaps coming to attend this precious meeting, which, had she done, her soul might have been snatched as a brand from the burning, had been met by a ruffian and brutally murdered. Her blood yet stained the snow, and cried like Abel's for vengeance. Who was the criminal?

Oh God, you know and will smite him in Thy wrath? We pray that it may not be one who has been an honor to this community. May appearances prove false, and infidelity not be responsible for the deed. But Thos: alone, oh God, knowest well how weak it is; how prone to lead down to the ways of hell. Guide us aright, oh Lord, and bring the murderer to justice. Let us not abate our search for a moment until the blood appealing to the stars is avenged."

The effect of this prayer was magical. The people were under the influence of the sermon, and they caught by suggestion the speaker's thoughts, and not his words. His speech was fair, his suggestion the condemnation of Sherwood Canning. No one for a moment had connected him with the murder. He had accidentally discovered the dying woman, one but would have as soon accused himself. Now they wondered that they had not at once connected him with a crime of which he was so clearly guilty.

Unconscious of wrong, even the insinuation of the preacher was not understood by him. The silent indignation he saw arising in the face of Miss Stanwick, awoke him to a realization of its far-reaching consequences. When the benediction was pronounced the people remained. They began to murmur, and the murmuring became a bedlam of angry and excited voices, calling out, "He ought to be hung," "He is a disgrace to the town," "The infidel ought not to live." Canning was conscious that these epithets were applied to him, and that he was in danger, but he would not withdraw, Miss Stanwick clung to his arm in silence. She, too, knew the danger of his position, yet she trusted in the justice of his cause, and the honor of those who had been his life-long friends.

Deacon Lane mounted a pew and shouted: "We have here, right among us, an example of Godless infidelity and its awful fruits. I call the marshal to arrest Sherwood Canning and hold him in confinement until his case be duly tried."

The marshal hesitated, and his hesitancy was fatal to the law and order element.

"What is the use of a marshal or of law?" cried Billy Keller, a saloon-keeper, who had the day before been converted. "No one doubts his guilt, and let's hang him at once."

A dozen fellows of his ilk shouted in chorus, and making a rush, snarled around Sherwood like a pack of hungry

wolves, the leader caught him by the collar, but a blow like a flash smote him in the face, and he went down. A score of other hands seized Canning, Miss Stanwick, who valiantly stood by his side, was crowded away, and a quiet, thoughtful villain, having cut off a length of the bell-rope, fashioned a noose and threw it over to the hoodlum crowd. At the moment the leader was slipping this over the head of Canning, Mr. Arling forced his way into the crowd threw the rope aside and cried: "For shame! a scene like this in the house of God! Stand back, you cowards, to assault a defenseless man, a fellow townsman, one who has not a spot or stain on his character! Infidel he may be, but he is the peer of any Churchmember who thus assaults him. Have you not the law, and has not every man the right to a fair and just trial? I call on the members of my church to show their Christian spirit in coming to my assistance. Arrest him if you will, but I will resist this cowardly assault with my life."

The murderous tide was held in check, and several prominent members rallied around the minister. The marshal, who was his friend, took Sherwood in custody, and led him out of the church saying: "To-morrow I may be obliged to produce you, but now being safe, go immediately home."

"I thank you for your kindness," replied Sherwood, "yet you counsel me to dishonor. I will not sneak away in concealment. Allow me first to conduct Miss Stanwick home, and then I am at your bidding."

"Ah, my dear fellow," said the marshal, "you would not subject her to such publicity."

"True, you are right, yet I will stand here until this wolfish crowd has passed by."

Mr. Arling came at this moment with his wife and Stella. "Come," said the latter, "you must not remain, or if you will, I stay with you."

Women are weak it is said. She is a tender vine clinging to the oak. In time of great effort and excessive burden, man always turns not vainly to her for support and guidance. The bar of steel trembling to magnetic currents is the safety of the ship, storm-tossed over endless leagues of conflicting seas.

(To be Continued)

THE DEFENSE OF FREEDOM.

To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH

In reading the terse and eloquent language of Willard J. Hull, I feel a profound sympathy with his aims and purposes. The love of liberty, the scorn of falsehood, bigotry, and cruelty, which he expresses, are the sentiments that should actuate every American, and to a great extent they do in a majority of our people. But a mind perverted and beclouded by early education, saturated with the falsehoods which fill the atmosphere of society, it is impossible to direct rightly this scorn of cruelty and falsehood. The average American citizen knows little of the crimes of the historical Church—the Church of Constantine, the murderous despot—which has assumed to be the Church of Jesus Christ, while the faith and principles of Jesus have not been adequately represented by any body calling itself a Church, for Jesus founded no Church and established no priesthood. But his principles have been imitated in a certain degree by a sufficient number of the deluded victims of the Church, to give it a false reputation for religious sentiments.

But what I wish to say is that Mr. Hull might serve far more efficiently the cause that he espouses, if he could address his remarks to the average citizen, who needs instruction upon the historical facts upon which Mr. Hull bases his terse denunciations. These denunciations are of course pleasing to those, who, like Mr. Hull, understand the subject from the standpoint of a true American. But the truth is that the average American does not understand it, and does not distinctly know the historical facts upon which Mr. Hull's denunciations are based. Consequently he can not appreciate their truth and justice.

If, instead of expressing the opinions which he has formed from adequate data, Mr. Hull could present fully the historical facts upon which those opinions are based, in such a manner as to defy contradiction, he would rouse the average citizen, compel him to think, and compel him to adopt many of Mr. Hull's conclusions.

There are many semi orthodox people who can not appreciate Mr. Hull's pungent expressions, and would be repelled by them, who would be startled into reflection and compelled to doubt their inherited opinions, by the facts Mr. Hull might give them, and in this way he might make many converts, while his terse denunciations only inspire those who have already adopted the sentiments of liberty. I would urge this upon his consideration because I believe that by such a course he might open the eyes of many who are still under the influence of inherited opinions which they have never carefully examined. The apostle of new truth should be content to adapt himself to the ignorance of his hearers with unlimited patience.

To be clearly understood, Mr. Hull should keep before his hearers the great contrast between Jesus, the ancient leader of religious Spiritualism, and the Church that rose out of political paganism and assumed his name, finding some slight foundation for its claims in the scriptural writings which so incorrectly portray the great Jewish martyr. The sincere followers of Jesus should be willing to have the contrast drawn between his real principles and the entire career and dominant principles to-day as well as in the past of the Church that assumed his name.

I have been accustomed to look to the future with more interest than to the past, and I am very sure that the mighty and bloodstained fabric which has been called Christianity is tottering to its fall. The agitation of the realm of free thought is approaching to the character of an earthquake, and though the Catholic power may be preparing itself by political management and by secret arming for the coming crisis, I feel assured that the coming century, now so near, will shatter its power, and that the twenty-first century will be the century of enlightened and advancing freedom. I would date the era of complete emancipation from the year 2110.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Priest Freul, of Brooklyn, says: "These so-called public schools are not public schools, but infidel and sectarian. Catholic parents who send their children to such schools are guilty of mortal sin."

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

MEDIUMSHIP—ITS OFFICES, CONDITIONS, AND PURPOSE.

FANNIE E. LAMB.

One can not know nor do all things. We are as but drops of water in the mighty sea of existence. A drop of water contains all the properties of the ocean, yet can not exhibit a storm. 'Tis the mighty unity of force that brings the result.

Workers of different phases and degrees are required to aid us in our work for the redemption of humanity. Let neither honor nor shame be in your thoughts, but unselfishly do your duty, and thus be honored in the doing.

Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end! Was there ever a beginning, will there ever be an end? Not to time—not to life, for they are eternal, but to conditions, yes. A condition must begin and end; another follow, and so on through eternity. First, evolution before organic matter, then progress through material, or into spiritual spheres. Then on and on until the spiritual is perfected according to the original design of infinite wisdom and love.

As a necessary beginning in the proper order of divine wisdom, we must tear down ere we build. Many have been and are still filling this mission, many of whom have not the slightest conception of the fact that they are being stimulated by or acted upon from spirit intelligence. Were they conscious of this, our efforts to use them in that direction would be futile. Yet their mission is a grand one—to break the chains of old theology; to uproot the superstitious engendered therefrom; to clear away the rubbish clinging to the minds of the masses of humanity. 'Tis not an ignoble office, though incipient—it is the beginning of a great work, one that requires courage, independence of thought, vigorous intellect, and clear, sound reasoning; for tearing down will demolish creeds and dogmas, engulf the fondly cherished hopes of millions who have not been educated to think for themselves; fixing in their lives, as it were, a void; for a time leaving a chasm, into the depth of which they dare not look.

Then come the next workers in order, whose mission it is to build—not to re-build on the old dogmas and creeds, but standing out fearlessly on the scattered debris of the past, they begin an order of work, not out of the fragments of the iconoclast, but erecting an entire new structure, based upon the rudimentary principles of this new school of thought; and thus will be bridged over the gaping chasm left by the iconoclast, so firmly and securely covered that the despairing soul need no longer look back into the dark abyss of the past, but with truth for their beacon light, so clearly brought forth, so firmly built, and severed from the superstitions of the old theology, no longer bound by the narrow limits of dogmatic creeds, but encircled with the fullest liberty (not license). Let us forever divorce liberty from license, and, with liberty of thought, of action, liberty in its purest and fullest sense, be guided by love, wisdom, truth, and justice.

Then will be brought into harmonious working order the efforts of the earlier media in the cause of spiritualistic truth. We have been laboring for ages to bring order out of the chaotic conditions of your mundane sphere, conditions attributable to the grossness, selfishness, and ignorance of mankind. And now may it behoove you all to fall into line of proper working order, each to his mission, be it high or lowly; for all depends upon love for one another, that ye may sustain each other.

We fear it does not occur fully to the media of the present time how great is the responsibility resting with them. Oh, how much at this important age, at this impending crisis, is centered in this one word *medium*, how much for good or evil in result.

This being the true situation, how important that all filling so sacred and important an office should lock well into the duties thereof. How thoroughly they should study every condition essential to the perfect fulfillment of their duty, for they are invested with a duty to God, to humanity, and to themselves. Therefore, to all conscientious, God-loving mediums we say: "Be ye true unto yourselves, and ye can not fail in being true to others."

In our investigation we are painfully surprised—yea, too often so—at the want of proper conditions for your work. The word *investigate* as applied to our efforts may seem strange, but as most of you ought to understand, as we do, that all life is eternal and progressive, and we did not leave earth with all knowledge of all things. Therefore, to investigation it is as essentially a law here as with you on the earth plane, though knowledge may come to us easier than to you, but only from earnest research. For in this life we are not floating idly in space, nor waving palms and singing psalms. This life is not one of phantasmagoria; and know that we in our efforts to dispense knowledge to you in the earth plane are aided, or else suffer disadvantage or failure, according to the conditions you make for us to operate through.

We are too frequently grieved at finding a want of promptness on the part of material media in having better conditions for the *intermedia* through whom we co-operate; for without proper conditions on your part a perfect result can not be effected.

We can instruct how to do, what to do, and when, yet we can not bring force sufficient to compel you to act in accordance with our instructions without detriment to yourselves. We must have perfect willingness on your part, without coercion on ours, which would only break the harmony of perfect co-operation, thereby producing an imperfect result or a failure.

We, in our earnest desire to promote the growth of knowledge in your earth plane, are endeavoring to bring about conditions whereby we can come into your midst and communicate direct through your material media without the aid of intermedia, for in this direct manner we can give you truth in its fullness.

This can only be accomplished by assembling together a number of your mediums properly prepared to receive a unanimous blending as one under the law of perfect harmony, for in numbers there is strength, and if we can succeed in bringing about such conditions our work will be easier and yours also.

Now, my friends, let us enjoin upon you to consider well the importance of the instructions herein given. Be with us

and we will aid to your eternal salvation. We will teach you the laws of life, how to enter the inner life divested of all material conditions which retard your growth and progress in the spiritual. We will teach you the true resurrection of the body and the true laws of immortality whilst yet in the material plane of existence.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

THE LAW OF LIFE.

In commenting on life we generally imagine something that gives, pours out, moves forward, impels, governs, presses onward or controls. Law is similarly defined. Yet if we analyze closely, we may evolve a theory that reverses things; and, instead of pouring out or giving, find that life or the law of life constitutes an eternal and ever present taking-in or absorbing of vitality or energy, one from the other. The sun, for example, does not give light and heat, but the atmosphere around the earth absorbs elements from the sun, which, in conjunction with its own, generates heat and light. For where there is no atmosphere there is neither light nor heat, though the sun "shines" on it, as it is the case with the moon, for example. Then again, were the giving-out process the rule, we might imagine exhaustion in connection with it, and occasionally or finally a cessation of activity or motion; while, where motion is dependent on all conditions of life drawing from one another, exhaustion would only accelerate motion and thus prevent its cessation. Under these circumstances we can imagine an ever-present and never-ceasing activity in the universe not dependent on some incomprehensible, undiscoverable fountain-source of energy obtaining its motive power or life principle from nowhere. For to give out force we must first receive it, and where is No. 1 to get it from? God, says Theology. But who and where is God? First Causes, says Science. But what is that? Life, so-called, exists, and must have ever existed else it would not be here. If we could imagine a beginning, an ending also must be granted. And if the latter is possible, why have we not yet had any signs of it in the death of physical beings? The return of spirits have proved that man does not go out of existence; nor does the spiritual side of the world cease to exist according to the testimony of these returning ones. Spirits also inform us that life there is as it is here and that vitality and strength are obtained by absorption in place of eating or drinking as mortals are compelled to do. Here again we have the taking-in process to sustain life. Nor is it confined to man alone. What animal, bird, fish, or insect does not seek food to live? What tree or plant does not live by drawing its substance from some other source? What condition of life is not replenished by drawing on some other? We may call it *giving* when some one draws on us for strength, but why can not we give to a dead body? Because it will not draw; it has no life in it.

Thus, where there is no attracting force there can be no giving. We do not give. It is not in the nature of things—proven by the universal selfishness that exists in all animal life. We may overcome certain unreasonable or unnatural selfishness, as avarice, greed, love of praise, self-conceit, etc., but we can not check nature's calls that are essential to our relief, comfort, rest, invigoration, etc. Each one of them is based on the principle of absorption or the taking-in process. It is this which makes life and sustains it, and is consequently the law of existence. Even the creation of life in the elements, according to Science, is by the attraction of the positive to the negative, and clearly proved in the animal kingdom by the attraction of the male to the female only under natural promptings or according to the law of generation. Thus all indications point to the theory that the law of life is a taking in process, through which a perpetual motion is established in nature, and that this motion, or energy *per se*, becomes that which Theology terms God, and Science force. And for aught we know it may be what some term spirit or intelligence—a conscious form of motion which is again absorbed by individualized intelligences as thought and appearing as impression or so-called intuition. Such is life, according to our theory, though it prove but an effect of the imagination or a passing fancy.

A. F. M.

THE POPE ON FREEMASONRY.

ROME, December 17, 1892.

In the midst of the solicitude which the Sovereign Pontiff has for all the Churches, he never forgets the spiritual interests of his children where these are most threatened. Hence it is that this week he has issued two most important letters: one addressed to the bishops of Italy, the other to the Italian people. Both are concerned with the same subject—Freemasonry. To the bishops he says that the adverse powers which the instigation and the impulse of the evil spirit urge to combat the Christian name, there are always added certain men united amongst themselves and striving to crush by their concerted action, the doctrines divinely revealed, and to rend the Christian republic by fatal dissensions. No one ignores what ravages at all times have been wrought to the Church by these phalanxes organized for attack. Now the spirit of all the sects hostile to Catholicity which have existed in the past, lives again in that which has been named the "Masonic sect," and which, strong in numbers and resources, bearing with it the dreaded scourge of war, combats all that is sacred. The Pontiff, developing his theme, calls upon the bishops to use every effort to keep their people from falling under the snares and deceits of this fatal society, and of avoiding it; or, if they have unhappily become associated with it, let the bishops employ all their charity and benevolence to withdraw the victims from its evil power. The letter to the Italian people, written in the Italian language, is one of those splendid documents which the Roman Pontiff alone has the gift to write and put forth. The people are warned against the evils that follow from this sect, and they are reminded that the Pope has already unveiled the horrors and iniquities of this monstrous combination. The government of Italy and France to-day is Masonic; so it is evident the evil is seated in high place, and is powerful.—Boston Pilot.

"It is impossible for a woman or girl to enter the confessional and come out pure, and just as impossible for a man or woman who kneels to a Roman Catholic priest to be a true American citizen." So says Ex Romanist Leyden, and he knows whereof he speaks.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

"THE PSYCHICAL REVIEW."

To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

I have before me the second number of this very able and interesting quarterly review, which is published by the American Psychical Society in Boston, and is edited by the Rev. T. E. Allen, a Unitarian clergyman, residence, Grafton, Mass. A glance at the names of the board of directors will satisfy anyone of the ability and liberality of the managers of this journal to treat the subject which they have undertaken to discuss fairly and even scientifically.

The name of the magazine indicates its object, and while there are numerous phases of the same subject discussed from eminent writers, both in this country and Europe, it is easily seen that there is but one subject under consideration, viz., the truth or falsity of Modern Spiritualism.

As a sort of preliminary for further and extended investigations, the two numbers already published contain elaborate and able articles on Physical Phenomena, Psychography, Psychical Research and Science—Science of Psychometry, Totality of the Individual Mind, Cerebral Radiation, Prejudice, and Psychical Research, and many others, by Dr. F. R. Buchanan, Dr. L. A. Phillips, B. F. Underwood, L. H. Stone, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Hamilton Garland, Esq., Calvin W. Parsons, Professor E. F. Houston, Rev. T. E. Allen, Rev. M. J. Savage, Professor A. E. Dolbear, Alfred R. Wallace, B. O. Flower, and many others.

With this array of talent there can be no doubt that the subject will be thoroughly and honestly investigated, and, if reported fairly, Spiritualists should be the first to applaud, whatever may be the result of the investigations.

Notwithstanding the satisfactory results of more than forty years' experience in the phenomena of spirit manifestations, so well satisfied are they of the truthfulness of the evidence upon which they rest, they welcome any legitimate and honest effort to make clear the same beautiful theory to others.

From the varied experiences and diverse conclusions of those engaged in the investigations, so far as I am able to judge from the reports published in the *Review*, a long time must elapse before any definite agreement can be arrived at, if ever.

Many of the experiences had, as related by these eminent writers, would seem quite sufficient to convince the ordinary mind that what has been manifested might be termed at least supernatural.

But even that is not admitted. Not one of all those reports that are published in the *Review*, dating back to 1859 and down to 1892, upon the diverse phases of psychical phenomena, in this country and in Europe, has accepted the evidence brought before them as being genuine or reliable.

Although some of the best-known psychics have been employed and given seances in their presence with what would seem satisfactory results, as no fraud or deception was suspected or charged in many cases. Among other well known and popular psychics, Dr. D. D. Home, of England, who has never been charged with deception to my knowledge, has been before this or a similar society in Europe, and, agreeable to the published reports, gave evidence of supernatural power that might have been accepted in any court of justice.

After so long a time it is disappointing and damaging, that among all the efforts that have been made by scientists and scholarly men and women, including the notorious *Seybert Commission*, to disprove the theory claimed by Spiritualists. While they fail to endorse that claim they have never condescended to explain the phenomena upon any other principle than that claimed by Spiritualists. And yet they often admit they see no evidence or object of fraud in the manifestations.

To those who may live long enough to see the end of these investigations, and it shall be determined that spirit communication and all that is claimed in the spiritual philosophy, is a delusion and a snare, will have the benefit of knowing what and from whence comes all this deception and fraud which they have so long cherished as a sacred truth; and also be somewhat assured of what is the final destiny of man.

But to those who have already lived to the common age of man and beyond, and feel there is a possibility of their being deceived, from the skepticism of so many learned and able scientists who have devoted so much time and study to the investigation, and it shall finally be decided adversely, and they will, of course, feel bound to furnish the reasons for such adverse decision, and to recommend a substitute.

This will, perhaps, prove satisfactory to coming generations. But to those who have accepted the evidences of spirit-return and the theories adopted by Spiritualists of to-day, can not feel altogether at ease to remain in a passive condition indefinitely. Knowing as they do that the psychical investigating societies and committees can not fall back upon the Bible after denouncing Spiritualism, as that teaches all that Spiritualism claims, and very much more—too much, indeed.

It is believed that many members of these investigating societies are Materialists and infidel to the Bible. Yet we can not suppose for a moment that such names as Rev. R. Heber Newton, Rev. M. J. Savage, T. E. Allen, Rev. Mary A. Livermore, who are to day filling pulpits and teaching the doctrines of Christianity, are not sincere and are practicing fraud upon their congregations.

Mr. Savage, in the last number of the *Psychical Review*, confesses this opinion, so far as he is concerned, if correctly reported, on page 196, where he says: "Now, if there is any type of character for which I have always felt a special contempt, it is the Nicodemus type, in the Bible or out of it. To serve a cause by wearing the uniform of its enemies."

It is gratifying to think there is a time, if in the distant future, when this mooted and much-discussed question may be settled. But it occurs to me that many of those who are engaged in the settlement will find themselves whenever it comes involved in strange complications.

Although, from the length of time it is proposed to continue these investigations, probably sufficient light may be evolved to enable the investigators to, in some measure, reconcile their present differences.

From the standpoint of an octogenarian I may be allowed to suggest to these scientific philanthropists who have undertaken to explain this psychic mystery, that, if in their judgment there is any probability of the rapidly increasing millions, who are accepting the evidence of their own senses and joining the ranks of Spiritualism, laboring under a delusion, *chancing a fantasy*, they should, in the cause of humanity and as benefactors of the race, do all that is in their power to bring this important issue to a speedy conclusion, and thus giving as many as possible the benefit of their labors.

E. W. GOULD.

"Led to the Light."

Read this beautiful and interesting story, and importune your neighbor to read it also; for there is something in it for everybody's instruction and comfort.

PEN PORTRAIT OF PROMINENT WORKERS.



Biographical Sketch of A. J. Davis.

At the close of a sultry day, August 11, 1826, the subject of this sketch was born at Blooming Grove, N. Y. His mother was of an intensely refined, sensitive and spiritual organization. His father, a shiftless, jolly "half-weaver, half-shoemaker," who kept himself well saturated with bad liquor, and threw the burdens of supporting a large family of children on his wife. He was a rolling stone, continually on the move to better his forlorn condition.

Pine Plains was one of the family stopping places in their constant moving, and here the boy, ten years of age, began attending school. After long and patient application he progressed to words of two syllables, but was always at the foot of his class, and the multiplication table was beyond his comprehension. He was never at ease at school. His nature was too different from the other scholars to allow assimilation. He disliked their rough ways, and they comprehended him as little as bores do the refinement of culture. The boys called him "gumpy," the girls "sleepyhead," the teacher "blockhead." A short time sent him home from his vain attempt.

He then obtained a place as clerk in a country store, but was dismissed for incapacity. After a year or two he tried the school again, but in a class of twelve he facetiously says he generally stood within eleven of the head. He adds: "The fetters of inwrought ignorance seemed to bind me to earth."

He obtained a place as porter, but was dismissed for his awkwardness, and went to work on a farm. Here he first became clairaudient, and hearing the words "to Poughkeepsie," induced his father to move to that town. Here he again attempted attending school, to find himself, compared with his classmates, an intellectual dwarf. Then he tried a clerkship with as little success, but while thus engaged he was interested in the lectures of Prof. Grimes on mesmerism, which was the first step in his remarkable psychological career.

Prof. Grimes and others attempted to influence him unsuccessfully, and it was reserved for Mr. Livingstone to first magnetize him and unseal the fountain of his inspiration.

At nineteen years of age he found that under Livingstone's control he could reach no higher clairvoyance, and he placed himself under Dr. Lyon. Soon after this he began the great work, "Nature's Divine Revelations." Rev. Wm. Fishbough was selected by Davis while clairvoyant for scribe, and three witnesses were also selected. On November 20, 1845, in a clairvoyant state he began: "Reason is a principle belonging to man alone. The office of the mind is to investigate, search, and explore the principles of nature, and trace physical manifestations to their many and varied ramifications. Thought in its proper nature is uncontrollable. It is free to investigate and rise into lofty aspirations. The only hope for the amelioration of the world is free thought and unrestricted inquiry, and anything which opposes or tends to obstruct this sublime and lofty principle is wrong." Beginning with this sublime utterance the ignorant boy dictated the "Revelations of Nature." In that work he foretold the influx of spirit-communion which was to be "the ushering in of that era when the interiors of men will be opened and spirit communion will be established."

A band of devoted apostles founded the *Universalist and Spiritual Philosopher*, a monthly magazine of short life. These brothers, incomparable in intelligence to those who followed Jesus, wished to make him the leader of a new religion, they to become his apostles. Davis escaped this great temptation.

He wrote now instead of dictating the several volumes of the great Harmonia, lecturing and prescribing for the sick. In 1861 he started the *Herald of Progress*, which, though ably conducted, was abandoned on account of the war. For the next two years he lectured in New York City. In 1867 the Children's Progressive Lyceum was presented to him in a vision of the summerland, and was inaugurated in New York. It is the germ of everything that Spiritualists can desire by way of an organization. It is one of the most valuable works of Mr. Davis, and has not received the attention it deserves. Since that time he has written "The Stellar Key," "Arabula," "Tale of a Physician," "The Fountain," "The Temple," "The Diakka," "Genius and Ethics of Conjugal Law," "Approaching Crisis," "Truth vs. Theology," "Answers to Ever Recurring Questions," "Death and the After-Life," "History and Philosophy of Evil," "Harbinger of Health," "Harmonial Man," "Memoranda," "Philosophy of Special Providence," "Free Thoughts Concerning Religion," "Pencetrals," "Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse," "The Inner Life," and "Diseases of the Brain and Nerve." Mr. Davis some years ago pursued a course of study in a New York medical college, secured a diploma, and settled in Boston, where he has a large practice to which he gives his attention.

In conclusion it may be remarked that Mr. Davis is one of the most perfect examples of the culture of the intuitive perceptions. By him is proved not only the existence of spiritual perceptions, but the immense importance it may become as an educational force. The harmonial education of the future will accept the cultivation of the sensitiveness or impressibility as a prime factor in true education.

The February *Arena* is unusually strong. Its contents are varied and alive with vital thoughts. Among the able papers breathing with virile and timely thoughts which appear in the February *Arena*, Professor Joseph Rhodes Buchanan's contributions on "The New Education and Character Building" will prove indispensable to teachers and parents who are awake to the importance of securing higher manhood by developing character in early life. Professor Buchanan dwells at length on the wonderful power of music as an educator and developer of that which is best in childhood. The editor contributes a critical biographical sketch of the life and work of Charles Darwin. Mr. Flower also discusses "Inspiration and Psychical Phenomena as Experienced by Latter-day Poets." This number of the *Arena* contains able papers by Rev. M. J. Savage, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, John W. Chadwick, Helen Campbell, W. J. Rife, and other eminent thinkers; and Rev. T. E. Allen (Secretary of the American Psychical Society) contributes a searching argument on "The Supremacy of Reason in Religion."

SHALL WE HOLD THE NAME OF SPIRITUALISM?

MASON TATLER.

"Spiritualism has such a load of folly, deception, and uncleanness to carry that I do wish it could receive another name," was the impatient remark of one who had been a believer for many years. What has the doves to do with the pure metal? They make a mistake who think the bubbling surface of scoria a sample of the metal beneath. The good opinion of the world is sweet, but it may be gained at too great cost. We must take our own ideas of what is right and true, and the world must not be allowed to influence us.

This weak desire to be thought respectable has brought Spiritualism before the world under the assumed names of "Christian Science," "Faith Cure," "Mental Science," "Metaphysics," "Occultism," etc., and perhaps in many cases gained it a hearing when otherwise it would not have been entertained. But Spiritualism overlaps all these schemes and contains them all. There is no other name which can be used to convey the grandeur and infinitude it expresses.

It stands as the antagonist of Materialism. It stands for the science of life, here and hereafter; for the expression of the highest morality and the purest religion.

Where is there another word that expresses a thousandth part of that of the many-sided, diverse, yet unified meaning of this? Ashamed of the term? Every religionist of what ever creed or belief endorses Spiritualism. The base of all religions is Spiritualism, our hope and evidence of immortal life rest with it. We might as well say that because the sun shines on slimy pools, oozy marshes, and malarial everglades, it should not receive that name.

Its rays, while they expand the blossoms which fill the air with fragrance, hasten the decay of the festering carcass or reeking cesspool.

If we believe there is a life after the death of the physical body, that that life is an infinite prolongation and evolution of this; that the spirit remains unchanged in being, changed only in conditions; that it may hold intercourse with those in this life, we are Spiritualists.

If we believe that this view of nature carries with it the highest, purest, and most practical system of morals; that it is the basis of true religion, expressed in the loftiest phases of self forgetfulness in helping others, in noble living from the cradle to the grave, we are Spiritualists. If we refer the fleeting changes we call creation, from the expanding bud to the revolving sun, to force, which thus being made cognizant in matter, carries with it as a corollary that it is intelligent, loving, and wise, planning for a purpose, and pursuing a well defined course to an end pre-determined, so pre-determined that even man with his finite mind often can calculate what it must be, if we place this power, which is only another name for spirit in its infinite expression, then we are Spiritualists.

When I glance over this vast province that underlies the known, the seen, the heard, the felt, which sustains all, is the life and active moving force of all; when I study its expression in the countless millions of suns which wheel and dance in the mazy circles of the heavens to divine harmony, holding each other in the embrace of magnetic energy across chasms of space incomprehensible; when I turn to the protoplasmic atoms of life's beginning and trace with what precision through changing forms of plastic being the man who was born into this world and his higher faculties evolved in similitude to the infinite expression of spirit in the universe; when I look into the future of cycling ages, of eons of ages, and am conscious of the unceasing development, onward and upward, with wider, wider horizons until from the heights of knowledge and moral grandeur, the broadening circle embraces far more than we now can conceive of, the all. There is no word as perfect and all-expressive in its application to all these varying yet harmoniously blending aspects, forming a system of philosophy and science of nature, as *Spiritualism*. Can there be a better? Can there be one of more glorious interpretation? Can there be one which places an opposing system at greater disadvantage? There be but one other, Materialism; we must either be Spiritualists or Materialists. I prefer the former name. I not only prefer, but am forced to accept it as the title of that system of philosophy by the cogency of facts which I can not ignore.

It is the tree of life, like the fabled ash of Norseland, which strikes its roots into the foundation of the material world and stretches its branches into the heavens. What to me is it that weary tramps seek shelter under its shade, or now and then a scavenger bird alights in its branches! The nations of earth from generation to generation have been encamped around its giant trunk, and the darkest hours that have ever tried the souls of men have been gladdened by the rays from its high coronal of bloom.

Let us not give the great World Tree another name because a few vagabonds have stolen its fruit, or come to us with Sodom apples under its name. They have their day, but Spiritualism is without day or year, or limit of duration.

(Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

PLEASANT READING. No. 5.

ARLINGTON.

Of all the Thanksgiving prayers offered, this by Swinburne has a peculiar significance:

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods there be.

It is said Jay Gould's son has accumulated six miles of press notices of his father. Many of these must be unpleasant reading for one enjoying the plunder he accumulated from robbery by law. Yet Gould is no worse than many business men only in the magnitude of his operations. The popular idea of business is entirely selfish, and consists in taking advantage of opportunities and the necessities of others. The combines and trusts are on this principle or want of principle. The saintly Sabbath-school teacher who for his brief day is Postmaster General, runs his Philadelphia shop as Gould did railroad, and the millions of Stewart were accumulated by tricks quite as dark and vain. Such men are the product of this transformation age, of wonderful opportunities, and vast resources awaiting an organizing mind and a leader.

Those who are envious of these millionaires should count the cost and ask themselves if they would bear the burden it entails: sleepless nights, anxious days, and the feeling that they are at war with mankind. For what? A few thousands makes one independent, gives all the advantages of millions, and with infinitely less care. And at death it is the man, not wealth that passes into the next state of existence, and what a poor, imbecile spirit will such a man as Gould become!

Lesseppe was of another mould. "The great Frenchman," crowned by the glamour of his Suez achievement was exalted far above his merits, which were rather those of a diplomat than engineer or financier. Implicitly trusted by the French nation, he sought to perform a second herculean achievement in cutting a ship canal through a mountain range and down irresistible torrents. Engineers with thorough knowledge pronounced his plans impracticable, and yet he went forward, and by the vast sums of money poured into his treasury was enabled to begin the work, corrupt the government, sub-

duce the press, and sink more money and waste more human lives than a desperate war. It has produced a more calamitous result than war, for it has left a feeling of distrust and broke down the growing respect for the republic, which the marplots of the Bonaparte dynasty are ready to avail themselves of.

Yet Lesseppe is not personally responsible. His enthusiasm was colored with sensibility, and made the sport of designing men who secured fortunes under his name. Let him receive the mead of praise for completing the great waterway across the desert, and not brand him as a criminal for the weakness which made him the tool of designing men.

The French republic received a shock which, had there been a master of the occasion at hand, might have changed it to a dictatorship or an empire, but the master spirit, fortunately, was a Republican, and La Grand France weathered the storm.

The student of history in the light of Spiritualism recognizes the hand of unseen statesmen, far seeing and powerful, in events seemingly fortuitous, such as the timely removal of the last scion of the house of Bonaparte by the assaigal of an African savage, and the debauchery which has destroyed the more remote members. A really great man of that family would be a constant menace to the republic.

A collection of the crucial events which have formed the turning point of history, would be an illumination and evidence to demonstration of spirit influence with the affairs of nations and races. The astonishing activity in spiritualistic studies is shown by the number of societies in Paris. These are the Independent Group for Esoteric Study, the Spiritualists' Society of Paris, the Magnetic Society of France, the Psychic-magnetic Society, the Sphinxes, the Occult Fraternity, the True Cross, the Martinist Initiation Groups, the Masonic Groups for Initiatory Studies.

Theosophy is attracting attention. A correspondent perplexed by the wrangling of theologians writes to the *Geographical Magazine* for information as to the locality of hell. He had diligently searched the Bible and many theological books in vain for an assigned locality. The editor is inclined to treat the matter as a joke. We can assure him it has been no joke for the past thousand years. Locality has become a condition of the mind.

(Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

A PROTEST.

AMIRORIA P. SANDFORD.

The spirit quite frequently manifested by contributors to our spiritualistic papers, in dealing with the errors of the Churches, seems fairly reprehensible. Many times the writer lays himself open to quite as severe censure, were it disposed to be given by those who understand far better than himself the esoteric signification of the doctrines which he derides. That they have been grievously misinterpreted, and that monstrous misconceptions of spiritual verities have grown out of these misinterpretations, is heartily conceded, but let the cavalier, if he must needs give vent to the spirit which possesses him, distinguish between the real doctrine and its "orthodox" interpretation.

But, doubtless, of this true significance he knows nothing—not yet, in his ascent of the toilsome road of spiritual progress, having reached the point of vision where hidden truths are revealed to the awakened inner sense, which, with subtle, penetrating power, searches the secrets of eternal life.

It becomes us all to touch with reverent finger even the shadows of the mysteries which have been handed down to the world—children through the ages past, as the best suited to their comprehension—the nearest approach to the reality which the comparatively undeveloped minds of the race could grasp.

Dear, too, as the right hand, are these doctrines of the Church to many of our brethren—consecrated souls—feeling after God with all the earnestness of inward conviction, yet recognizing but dimly their kinship with Him, and knowing no other road to its realization than the following of the same churchly dogmas which their fathers loved, and for which, through many generations, they had lived and died. And were they not stepping-stones through the mire of worldliness—did they not exert a restraining influence, needful, in the conditions life in the olden days.

Now, we recognize the dawning of a new era; now, the spirit of inquiry and investigation is abroad, and those who dare to think for themselves can be no longer satisfied with the old, but feel and know that something better waits their seeking. Let them seek for it with all their hearts, but let them beware in what fields their search is made, and with what spirit they seek, lest they, too, fall short of the knowledge of the truth.

True spiritual attainments keeps charity ever as its close companion, and in proportion as one rises to the discernment of the eternal verities, does he cherish and manifest to the other children of one Father a tender forbearance and all embracing love, which admits of no ridicule or bitter censure.

Let the aroma of the true life be shed forth from our inner sanctuary, softening, purifying, and harmonizing. Let us seek to draw instead of drive our neighbors into the path which we have learned to esteem the true, respecting their sacred things, as being, to them, at least, the representation of truth. Let us beware lest further light may reveal to us that we have, in our blind zeal, been trampling upon holy mysteries, and wounding the loyal hearts of brethren who are following, mayhap, more faithfully than we, the light, which divinely they discern.

(Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

A Spirit Test.

L. O. HULL.

About a year ago Bernard O'Connor, Duke Slattery, and several other skeptics in this city attended a trumpet seance and agreed, more in jest than in earnest, that if either one should die and it were possible to come back it should be done. A few months ago Duke Slattery died. Sunday evening, January 8th, Mrs. M. J. Gillette, of Chicago, gave a public exhibition of slate-writing at the Occult Science Society's hall. A committee of skeptics was called for, and the slates examined, and Mrs. Gillette cleaned them before their eyes. A rubber band was then placed around them, and the committee held them for a few moments and opened them. One side of one of the slates was filled with messages, one of which read: "Tell O'Connor I've come back." Signed "Duke."

Mrs. Gillette was with us about a week, and the slate-writing produced in her presence is so convincing that no one, however skeptical, could deny the fact. I bought my own slates, cut private marks in English, French, and German on each side, took them to her, and they never left my eyes for one moment, and I got a message between the slates, and I know that she did not write it.

—Ex-priest, P. A. Seguin, editor of the *True Protestant*, is billed for Angola, Ind., February 23d for three lectures on Romanism. He may also go to Fort Wayne, Ind. The above journal is an exponent of free schools, free thought, and free speech, is anti-Catholic, and invites subscriptions. Send for sample copy. Address 120 North Wood Street, Chicago.

Spirit Message Department

OUR FREE CIRCLE.

Every Tuesday Afternoon.

At Douglas Hall, corner Walnut and Sixth Streets. Doors open at 2:30. No one admitted after services have begun. Questions to be answered from the rostrum will be received upon these conditions: 1. They must be germane to spiritualism. 2. Must contain one inquiry only. 3. All personalities must be avoided. 4. The name of the questioner must be attached. 5. Questions must be sent to the Editor of the Light of Truth, Room 7, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

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REPORT OF SEANCE.

Tuesday, January 24, 1893.

(Mrs. Eva Sagmaster, amanuensis, in the absence of Mrs. Kibby.)

PROLOGUE.

O, my friends, it is because we have caught a glimpse of heaven, and that we have met and do know our own that we come to-day to try to make clear to you this fact. It is because we have met those whom we once deemed lost, gone forever, shut away from our sight, their loved voices hushed, that we come to you to-day. And in coming I earnestly ask those who have had higher experiences, brighter experiences, and have attained a higher knowledge and greater truth than I, that I may show you as clearly as I possibly can that the loved ones are not gone; aye, that not even one is lost, but are close by your side. And in this teaching, this new dispensation of truth, it evolves and involves all that love holds dear. It is a great school, my friends, and you once entering into this state of life will find that it puts into the deepest shadow all that you have been taught beside it. You will find that it teaches all that love can possibly hold as dear, presents facts that will lift you up and make you know and see that it is a good thing to be here. It will help you to know that life is endless, beautiful, and grand, and in coming to you we do earnestly ask of you to assist us as you certainly can by bringing kindly thoughts, by asking or by saying a word, a prayer, I may add, to give you the idea of what I mean when I say ask for higher and better things. And in your asking you shall receive; in your wanting to know you shall be answered, and when you prepare the way that great truths are given you each time with the asking, with prayer, with the aspiration, draw those influences to you which makes it good, which will help you both here, now, and in the continuation of life expressed in a different manner. We, in coming to-day, will do all we can to disabuse your mind of doubt, to set you right, to make you know and feel that all the great philosophy of Spiritualism, all the mental philosophy of life, all that has ever been claimed for it, is true. We will endeavor to give you the highest thought, hoping that when you return to your homes you will feel as I now do, that I have caught a glimpse of heaven.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUES.—What are we to understand by "In my Father's house are many mansions?"

ANS.—We have learned as spirits, and you have learned as students of nature and as investigators of the real, of self, or the spiritual things of life, that "In my Father's house are many mansions" means a wonderful thing. But taken in the interpretation of years ago—the interpretation that your grandfathers and grandmothers gave—it is different. They did not have so much to apply to the real truth as we have to-day. True, I am reaching from the Spiritualist standpoint, and I will prove to you, my friends, that the meaning is great, that truly in my Father's house are many mansions. We must first consider who and what the Father means. We must look a little further and be able to catch intuitively something from the higher realms of life before we can have the slightest conception of the Father. And since you have learned in your past religious teaching that the Father is God, and you recognize God as a personality, I must take away from your minds that thought and supplant in its place something that will be proven to every mind before the ending of this epoch of time. We must have a broader conception of Father, and of God, else we can not explain to you what it means. We are beginning to know, and those who do not know at this time are beginning to feel that their old religious teachings are quavering. They are losing ground in that direction, and they must have something to look up to, to idolize, as it were, since man from all time has been, and ever will be a religious being. Man must have something to look forward to, a perfection that will round out the individual spirit indwelling, the man, the ego. So, as we look at it from this standpoint—when we know that God is not a personality, but a great universal spirit; that his love holds all, and is everywhere, then we begin to understand what is meant when the medium of old said in all earnestness and sincerity, "In my Father's house are many mansions." He meant that the individual soul of man is lost in the wonderful thing of self, that he can grasp, reach out, and take to himself, the God principle, or the good instilled within him. Since this principle is the sole power of the universe and man a part thereof—and with it came the blessed benediction which says, with no uncertain sound that you can rise above all conditions, and dwell in a mansion where peace and happiness reign supreme, where the spirit can rise above all the conditions of material life; and since we have become students recognize the fact that there never have been limitations set as to the possibilities of the soul of man, the real part of self; therefore by recognizing the fact that we are a part of God or this universal whole of things, we can not recognize the idea set forth when some one said: "In my Father's house are many mansions, many glorious things, many things that bring peace to a troubled soul, many things that will gladden the hearts of man, and many things that uplift the spirit when passed out of this body. The man then understood that the people he had been talking with were mistaught, and he tried with all diligence and earnestness to set forth the truth wherever it was found. So the interpretation means a wonderful thing.

QUES.—How should we begin to instruct the young in our philosophy?

ANS.—I believe every Spiritualist, and every mother or father should recognize the fact that we have truth; that spiritual philosophy embraces in it something of the good—will not say all of the good, because we do not claim to have it all, and I hope that you as Spiritualists neither make the same claim—but if they recognize that there is good in the teachings from the spirit side of life, or the teachings of the spirit that indwells in this body, it is not always necessary to look forward and up to some one that has passed out of the body. My friends, you are spirits now—I do not say as much as you ever will be, because I claim that you are hampered, that you are held by your surroundings, as is the spirit which has not progressed, or not capable of rising from this material plane of life—but the spirit who recognizes the fact (and something seems to tell the soul at times that there are wondrous things in store for them) will know what to do for children under their care. Many things have been said in reference to lyceum work. Many spirits have given their highest thought in reference to the care of the young in regard to instructing them and the best method and way, but I believe the best way is to begin just as soon as you have a

portion of truth. Teach them of their own possibilities and at the same time, my friends, do not forget to impress upon the young minds that they have a casket and it contains a precious jewel, and we must take care of the casket lest the dust corrode the jewel. Many spirits and many persons acted upon by spirits, seem to ignore the fact that a material body or physical body needs care and attention. They soar as far up into things as it is possible, but as long as the physical body is in a condition of disease or pain and suffering they are limited from the fact that the spirit permeates all portions of body, and can not impress itself as well as if the body were in a harmonious or healthy condition. Now, there are many things we must teach the young minds, but hold them to the fact that so long as they dwell upon this plane it is very essential they care for the physical part as well. We do not advocate so much religious teaching as practical things; something that can be demonstrated, something that can be proven to them, for instance the cultivation of mind. The mind should be schooled and trained well, and in that way also care for the physical body, because we know the physical bodies of the children at school are depleted, their vitality is fast being lost because the mind of the little soul is trying to comprehend something far beyond it. They teach them and try to make them memorize something they can not grasp. In your care for children, teachers and guides, fathers and mothers, you should weigh the question well. The rose-buds of humanity to-day will make the coming generation; they will be the fathers and mothers, and if you and I have experienced some anguish and pain because of misinstruction, does it not behoove every man and woman to do the best that he or she can? When they speak of the children my soul is especially touched, and I feel I would give them truth. I, who have passed through the storms of life, have become hardened in a measure to these things, but I have not gotten so far away from this life that I can not see its anguish and woe.

QUES.—What is a self-psychologized medium?

ANS.—I, for one spirit, and as I can not answer for any one but myself, do not understand what is meant by a self-psychologized medium, and I will tell you why. If we recognize the fact that we are spirits, guided and watched with tender loving care by some one who is dear to us, and we to them; that thoughts are real things, and that each man or soul is being acted upon by other minds, and that the mind of man is a wonderful thing; that all of this talk is not founded upon theory but upon thoughts sent out; and that the thoughts you are thinking here to-day, can be seen and felt by spirits who are unfolded, then I can understand what is meant by a self-psychologized medium. If it be possible that a spirit can become so passive and quiet as to place around itself a wall that is impenetrable, then I can have a conception of what a self-psychologized medium is. I see everywhere spirits with you, and I see spirits in spirit life, who seemingly are never alone, much the same as some here. When sometimes one is found here who is called a hermit, you do not know how many angels visit that soul, and you do not know how tenderly they are watched because you can not see. Being acted upon by other spirits, producing a medium, and I believe that all souls indwelling in the physical body were more or less subjected to the spirit influences, we naturally expect something from the so-called self-psychologized medium. If we, therefore, get grand intelligences, it only proves that the spirit is drawing within itself away from the worldly tumult and strife in order to better manifest itself, and so, if we get evidence from that spirit, it proves conclusively that the individual spirit, the mind and its possibilities, are not limited, and when we get away from the worldly or material things, we are indeed a part of God or good.

QUES.—Can the spirits on the other side of life travel to the planets? If so, do they do so?

ANS.—I, myself, have been an attentive listener to spirits claiming to visit the planets, other planets, and while I have never visited any other planet myself, I have every reason to believe and can safely say I know that spirits have visited other planets, and that is one reason why to-day in the scientific world, the thinkers and investigators are bringing forward the things that in the past were said to be among the unknowable, and those things are being set before the minds of the people for discussion. The astronomers to-day are being surrounded from the spirit side of life by spirits. Their position and their wanting to know, and their investigation, has attracted to them spirits, who can do for them, who can instruct, and guide them. Nevertheless, a good work is going on, and your minds are being instructed and broadened with the facts represented in regard to the things away off there. But allow me to say to you that the most and the best that can be given to you from the spirit side of life to-day through the best media, is poor indeed. When man's mind becomes broader and the mediums once in the hands of spirits recognize the fact that we are all we claim to be, if we can but put aside the doubt—for I see and feel and know we are all "doubting Thomases"—and when we have mediums who will instruct themselves, who will read and learn, then can the controlling intelligences give higher and nobler things. Many instances are held dear in the minds of many people. Many things are quoted in regard to manifestations through the instrumentality of individuals, but rarely indeed have they amounted to anything miraculous. But we can instruct you and impress more forcibly upon you that we have come for a purpose, that there is truth, that life is real and earnest, that the grave does not hold all there is of your loved ones. Although the astronomer thinks all the time that he is making the discovery, and in his eagerness and earnestness forgets many of the points, he is compelled to sit down and hold his head. But the spirits come to him and impress him. Question him, however, and he will say he did it all himself.

QUES.—(C. W. of Newport). In case of accidental drowning, what would be the first impulse of the liberated spirit? Would he know where to go? Would his first thought be to return to his earthly home, or would friends from the spirit side have a premonition of the catastrophe and be waiting to take him on?

ANS.—I believe we can cut the question in two and put it in this way: "What are the experiences of the liberated spirits through death, so-called, change?" My friends, to some spirits, suddenly liberated from the body, it seemingly makes but little difference. They come into their new birth with all naturalness, experiencing nothing of a shock. They begin in their new condition much as a healthy babe does, all bright, all smiles, glad that it is so. And then again, the spirit is much depressed, and shocked as it were. But there are spirits who come in to the new conditions favorably—having been benefited by pre-natal conditions and healthy surroundings. We call them perfect spirits. They are rounded out, and their new conditions seem to be just the proper thing for them. But the spirit who seems out of place, and the spirit who is shocked or lies in the trance or lethargic state, must be aroused or awakened to make it know that it is a living being and that it has been born again. That spirit we know has passed through the deep waters of life. The way has been thorny and the pathway has been rugged, and in that life there has been many shadows, and perhaps something that we could know better if we could know of their environments before becoming an individual. No one is alone; there is some one who watches and cares for even the lowest of mortals. Do you not know, that the great tie of love that is sent out to you, that holds you fast in some one's loving

embrace, can never be severed? I never was so unfortunate as to see a spirit liberated from this casket and brought into consciousness on the other side of life, that did not have some one to welcome him. All souls have guardian spirits, and some one welcomes them into the new birth. All spirits, no difference how ignorant, are ever forsaken or deserted by those who love them, and the fact remains that we are watched and cared for, guided and led, whether you can see it and believe it or not.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

George Dawson.

Says he is trying to reach a sick wife and little Ethel, his baby girl. He is a very sad spirit, something occurred before passing to the spirit side of life that made him so sorrowful. He says: "Tell my son, George, that father lives and is not dead, and will do so much for him if he will do as grandma does: sit for the spirit friends to come." I see written Clinton, Iowa, and the gentleman was evidently a business man, a grocer. He seems to be satisfied that this message will be recognized and will reach his wife.

J. A. Reece.

A young man says: "I want to tell Nellie that I am happy, that the suffering is over and the only suffering now is of the mind. I can not make her see me." This gentleman evidently has a sweetheart and the Nellie he speaks of is she. I see written 112 Grove Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Strauss.

The spirit of a boy about nineteen years of age, small in physique, now appeals to me. He says he can not communicate seemingly direct with the parties that have accused him of a crime, and he comes and says: "O, tell mother I never did it, I never did it, and that Rose is clear of it all, she never did it either." I see the name of Strauss and Grandma Longley, and get Grand Rapids, Mich.

Geo. White.

I have waited for such a long time for an opportunity to manifest, but I was an unfortunate spirit in earth life and still seem to be unfortunate. Others have communicated from time to time, even in the home circle. Hannah, Ella, and Gus have manifested, but somehow I never can. This man was a butcher. Seventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Davis.

Walking up and down in front of the rostrum is the form of a great, burly negro. He is a great, large man, and he seems to have passed out of life with a feeling of vengeance, which he wreaks upon everyone, and he fills me with it. I hear the name of Davis. I feel he was a wicked man and comes back with all his wickedness. While I am talking some spirit seems to explain that he has received a portion of life, and I hear this: "O, well, if that is so, why I guess I stand just as good a chance as any other man, and I guess Annie will forgive me." And I see the name Georgetown.

George Davis.

Again comes to me a spirit that has tried so many times to be recognized, and while he comes I can not help but cry; he seems to have perfect control of me. He is no other than George Davis, a gentleman who has many times sung in your city. I was not acquainted with him, but slightly acquainted with his wife, and he tries to convince me that he loves Rose. He says again: "I appeal to her to attend a place in Newport where a medium took her, for I have something I want to tell her so badly. Father is with me." He seems to want to give her a test, and he says that something that will benefit her financially will come from the papers that she has looked over in the last three weeks and the letters she has read so many times, wondering if anything will come of them. He wears a sort of robe, and I believe he sang in the choir. He has come to me three times, and I never saw a more pleading, earnest spirit.

Dr. R. C. Reynolds.

Chairlady and friends: I scarcely know how to express myself—a spirit, and yet able to communicate. Yes, 'tis true. I would not have accepted this during my earth life. I would not have listened for one moment to anyone who would have told me that I would be willing or able to come back to the earth plane. And yet, friends, I have never been very far away. I passed out a little past middle age. I was a physician by profession, and yet with all the study and practice how little I knew! I am here to-day wondering why it is that men are so blinded whilst they live upon the earth plane, for does not everything point to eternal existence? Whilst I recognized the fact that nothing was lost, yet I could never recognize the fact that man would be an individual nonentity. It is one step up for me to talk to you this afternoon, and I see surging through the minds of some the question, "How?" Why, I have learned that I can travel to a distant place, take possession of the vocal organs of a perfect stranger and express myself. Good by. I am from Newport, R. I.

Thos. Hascott.

Friends: I have come with the medium to this part of the world. I do not belong in the State of Ohio. I have witnessed the manifestations during the past few days, and through the kindness of some of the loved ones that have manifested in Illinois, I have learned that it is possible to take possession and talk for myself. I was not a Spiritualist, I was a Church member. Not sorry, no, no. But I come to day that I may send my love to my children, who still live upon the earth plane. I want my companion to know that I am here; I want all those who belong to me to know that I am satisfied. I have been on the spirit side quite a while, and all my children, seven in number, are upon the earth plane and live in a distant place. I come here this afternoon knowing that by so doing they will receive this message, for there are friends who will interest themselves enough to send the message to them. There is a deeper interest in the minds of people than you are aware of, and there has been created in the mind of my daughter, Jennie, a desire to know more of Spiritualism. She has heard of it, and so I come here expressing these words to you, knowing that she will see them and become more interested. To my daughter, near Wellington, Kansas.

Wat. Powers.

Good afternoon. I only want to say a few words and then I will go. I desire to send my love to my sister, in Newport, Ky. I want her to know that her brother is happy, although he passed out so suddenly. Elizabeth is with me.

Anna

Came to her mother in the audience. She stated that William was with her and that Hattie is better.

VERIFICATIONS.

(To the Editor of the Light of Truth.)

In the LIGHT OF TRUTH of December 17th appears a message from Emma Woolley Roe. She is my niece, and I am well acquainted with all the facts, and am happy to say that her message is characteristic of her, and is true in every particular. May God and the good angels ever bless that grand and true medium through whom the message came.

J. J. WOOLLEY.

Columbus, O., January 23d.

The Progressive Lyceum.

Opening Song.

THE HOME OVER THERE.
Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
There the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.
Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.
Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In the homes in the palace of God.
Over there, over there, etc.
Our loved ones are now over there,
There our kindred and friends are at rest,
Far away from all sorrow and care,
They are gone to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there, etc.
I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see,
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me,
Over there, over there, etc.

Silver Chain Recitation.

REPRESENTATIVE SPEECHES.

Guardian reads: I walk o'er rugged pathways steep,
Bearing my cross of pain and woe;
My footing, Lord, I strive to keep,
And nearer to Thy light to grow.
Sing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee"—all unite.
Guardian reads: Though wandering o'er the path alone,
When night comes down in purple gloom,
My pillow nothing but a stone,
Yet will Thy light my soul illumine.
Sing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee"—all unite.
Guardian reads: Then in my vision clear and bright
A rainbow bridge shall stretch along
From earth to realms of endless light,
Trod by a grand celestial throng.
Sing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee"—all unite.
Guardian reads: Then with awakened power of soul
I shall arise, with mystic flight,
Soaring toward that matchless goal
Where all is everlasting light.
Sing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee"—all unite.
Guardian reads: Though I never the linklets and ties
Binding my soul to the earth;
Through the burning of clay we rise
To the joys of the heavenly birth.
Though we slip from the clasp that we love,
And part with our friends with a sigh,
We shall meet them in mansions above,
If we work for the Sweet By and By.
Sing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee"—all unite.
"To our bountiful Father above
We will offer a tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days."
Chorus—"In the Sweet By and By."

—Given by the C. P. L. of Boston.

Lesson. Suggestive Outline.

[NOTE.—In the discussion of the lesson it should be a fundamental rule never to be departed from that in which all are expected to express their views fully and freely, there must not be any indulgence in personality or antagonistic debate. It is the truth, not what any individual thinks the truth to be, that should engage attention.]

HEAVEN AND HELL.

Where were these located by the ancients? They believed the world flat and bounded by the sea. The realms of the dead beyond the borders of the known area. On the starry heights on Mount Olympus, the gods met in luxurious bowers, and from its summits Jupiter thundered his mandates over the world. The golden gardens of the Hesperides were in the remote West. Far in the East the divine city of Maru pierced the amber light. Remote, in the burning desert of Ethiopia gleamed the banquet hall of the blessed. In the central ocean lay the Isles of Immortality; far in the North, beyond the snowy avalanches of the Caucasus spread the happy land of the Hyperboreans. These were beautiful poetic dreams of childhood outgrown.

The Garden of Eden, one of these dreams, located once in India, then in Mesopotamia, then in an oasis in the Arabian desert. The Canary Islands, once supposed to be Eden, attracted Columbus of possibly discovering it still farther West.

Jews, Greeks, Romans, Germans, and Christians located the world of the dead in the vast, gloomy space underneath the earth. The Hebrew word *sheol*, the Greek *hades* meant the grave, and more, for they stood for the gloomy world of shadows from which only peerless sages and heroes, by the interference of the gods, were transplanted to Elysium.

From *hades*, or the grave, led two paths, one to Elysium, one to Tartarus.

The Caledonians fixed the realm of spirits in the vast atmosphere where the heroes rode the cloud tempests, shriek in the winds, and the lightning are their red eyes of wrath. The Laplanders say heaven is with the *aurora borealis*. The Platonists placed heaven between the earth and moon. The Aztecs and Incas in the sun. Hell has been located by some theologians in comets and in the fiery nucleus of the earth.

The Hebrews thought the sky a solid arch in which the stars were set, and above which was heaven. Beneath the flat plane of the earth was hell.

The actual heaven and hell are locations in the spheres of the spirit world. In the received sense they are conditions of mind. Heaven is the realization of all normal desires. Hell is the unhappiness and suffering resulting from wrong-doing.

Are we in danger of becoming immoral because we have not the incentive of heaven and fear of hell? Examples of illustrious men answer no.

Closing Song.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

I'm but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home;
Glories are ever there;
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland;
Heaven is my home.
What though the tempest rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage;
Heaven is my home;
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home.
There, on the other side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
And there I too, shall rest;
Heaven is my home.

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CINCINNATI, - - SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1893

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH cannot well undertake to vouch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns they are at once rejected.

We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of action.

When the postoffice address of THE LIGHT OF TRUTH subscribers is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not omit to state their present as well as future address.

Notice of Spiritualists Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Tuesday of each week, as THE LIGHT OF TRUTH goes to press every Wednesday.

Rejected ads will not be returned without postage accompanying the same—nor preserved beyond thirty days after receipt.

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An American Pope.

The Papal See is now recognized as a temporal power by our Government, which justly holds diplomatic relations with the Kingdom of Italy. The Papal delegate Satolli should receive no more deference than any private citizen of Italy, yet the attentions he receives from the Diplomatic Corps and interchange of visits with the Secretary of State, shows conclusively that he is tacitly recognized at Washington!

We are not alarmists, nor calamity prophets, but when the storm gathers dark and ominous in the sky, it would be folly to talk of fair weather.

For years the school question has been the bone of contention, and Catholics have been forced by their priests to sustain parochial schools.

The Ablegate comes, the vexed matter is disposed of in such a manner that from every quarter arises praise of the "generous liberality" of the Catholics. Does any one acquainted with the policy of that Church, which boasts that she never recedes, believe that she thinks differently on this school question than six months ago? She met with unexpected resistance and has changed her tactics, what the next move will be is not determined, but that it will be made, is as certain as the rising of the sun.

There is not a more subtle diplomat in the ranks of the priesthood than Corrigan, a more far-seeing statesman. He boasts "I was the first priest in the United States to advocate the appointment of a delegate to this country."

Corrigan is now an archbishop, and he says, "It is not at all impossible that the next pope may govern the Catholic world from Washington as the first American Pope!"

Italy, France, Austria and Germany are greatly agitated over the subject of the next successor to the chair of St. Peter; it has tested the pulse at Washington.

Why are they agitated? Because of ages of sad experience with the blithing influences which the Church has excited. The new Pope may adopt an unexpected policy which will set at defiance all the schemes of their statesmen.

With the cool cunning that has ever distinguished the Church, it has tested the pulse at Washington, and finds that there would be no resistance offered to the establishment of Papal Court. There is no law against this usurpation. The archbishops have already set up their principality courts in all our large cities, and the people become used to this pomp, ceremony and arrogance. The *Irish World* says, "that the Pope claims America as the most loyal Catholic country in the world. Well he may, for republic that we are, we have within our free government another, 10,000,000 strong, sworn to sustain first a most despotic theocracy!"

In his exuberance on the success of his plans, Corrigan reveals the treasonable plot against the liberties of this country. Satolli comes as Ablegate, but with such powers as makes him actually *American Pope*. There is no appeal beyond him. The temper of the people and this Government will be tested by him, and then when Leo dies, if Satolli is elected Pope and chooses to remain and hold his court at the capitol of this nation, where is the power to say nay?

Against this deplorable measure, not a public journal has raised a warning voice. The press is silent as the grave. Are we to believe, as has been suggested that the American press is subsidized by the Catholic power? Even on the school question, the discussion was of a mild character, or it was treated with silence.

The fear of offending Catholic subscribers, direct influence or subsidy holds the press and betrays the people.

This is a question that any lover of his country will place above any consideration of party. The recognition of Satolli in his official capacity, by our government is an insult to say loyal citizen. The establishment of an American Pope means the still more perfect concentration of the Church militant, and its direct action on politics. Through its head it can throw its two millions of voters on one side or the other and by thus holding the balance of power become the real ruler of this country. While the newspapers have been congratulating the liberality of Rome, and that she has paid deferences to American institution, she has never made more rapid strides to power, nor gained more vantage ground than in the past year. The people depend on the press for information and have been betrayed. The government appears to be asleep to the danger.

The Christian Science Boom.

That queer combination of hocus-pocus and truth, called Christian Science, is on the rampage just now amongst a class of people who delight in subsisting on credulity and wonder. To prefix the word science with the word Christian is about as rational a proceeding, as to paste a paper crucifix over the object glass of a telescope. Whatever science there may be in the effects these people and their methods exert upon disease belongs to the psychometric or psychological

functions of the soul and these require no adjectives and no particular religious belief or faith.

But the mass of people can be duped easier by formulating a creed for them. They must have some marvel to feed on. They must be made to see the divinity of antique dreams, and the last dream to be broken is the wonders of Jesus Christ. So long as the tag of religion is attached to an innovation it is accepted. Some so-called Spiritualists tell us that Christian Science is the "Higher Spiritualism." It is true that whatever there is in the fad of any value has been drawn from Spiritualism, but it would be hard to substantiate the statement that it is the "Higher Spiritualism." Christian Science is a dilution of spiritual truth and antique superstition accommodated to the purposes of sectarian ambition. It could not live as a sect without the facts of Spiritualism.

These it has purloined, while it seeks to scuttle the ship from whence they were taken. Around these facts have been woven the old cob-webs of religious observances, and in this form, like the wafer god of a Roman Mass, the dose is eaten.

The *Buffalo Sunday Express* for January 22d prints a lot of testimonials of cures effected by Christian Science, together with an interview on the subject had with the pastor. None of the cures mentioned are at all different from those effected through spirit mediums, the power of the spirit being precisely the same. The laws of health and disease have no relationship with religion. There are myriads of spirits performing cures through their mediums who are as great infidels now as there ever were on earth. These spirits know something about the psychic powers of the mind and how far those powers are capable of utilizing and being affected by their physical or soul environment. Hence they search out such minds as are adapted for their purposes and operate through them. It makes no difference whether the medium is a Christian, a Hottentot, or a Sepoy. Neither does it make any difference who the people are in religious belief upon whom they operate.

No criticism is intended upon the good these people are doing, but they ought to get rid of the notion that the "Rev. Mary Baker S. Eddy has reconciled Christianity and Science," as stated by Rev. Hardy in the interview above alluded to. This is most too big a chunk for one "Rev." to masticate, and we don't believe that the redoubtable madame ever had an idea she was biting off as much as this, when she formulated her cult. All that Mrs. Eddy ever gave to Christian Science of a practical nature she obtained in Spiritualism and, if the truth were known, probably most of it while she was a spirit medium.

More Incense and Candles in the United States Senate Chamber.

Another Roman Catholic funeral pageant and service has recently been held in the chamber of the highest civil tribunal in this country. Again has the place of the vice-president been given over to a bishop to tell of the beauties of the Roman Machine.

This time it was Senator Kenna of West Virginia, whose demise gave the Church another triumph, another opportunity to show the people how Church and State can be made to harmonize, with the church as dictator.

The *Irish World* prints a large picture, showing off the proceedings and the candles, bibles, priests, crosses, etc., are very conspicuous. Speaking exultantly of the occasion, which to Catholic Supremacy is of vastly greater import than the dead senator's life and services, it says:

Twice in the present session of Congress has the desk of the Clerk of the Senate served as a stand for the Blessed Candles in Catholic funeral services. The first occasion was on May 16, 1892, when the funeral services over the remains of Senator Barbour of Virginia in the Senate Chamber were according to the Catholic ritual. On January 12th, candles again burned on either side of a golden crucifix upon the desk, the order of incense filled the Chamber, and over the coffin of John E. Kenna, late Senator from West Virginia, holy water was sprinkled by a priest, and the Catholic prayers for the dead were recited.

And the President of the United States was there; the members of his Cabinet, the Supreme Court, members of both branches of Congress occupied seats in the Chamber. They were all there and were regaled with "the order of incense," while "holy water was sprinkled by a priest, and the Catholic prayers for the dead were recited." Ye Gods! what a picture was this!

"The Mother Church" is indeed forging ahead. The Catholic University being located at Washington, renders it exceedingly convenient in matters of this kind. Being on the ground floor, as it were, she can take so much better care of her children. She stands in the position of a successful corner who has outstripped his rivals. It's only a step from the University to the Capitol, and there are no mileage expenses to be paid when certain priests are required for senatorial funerals or for other business incidental to the "Holy Church."

PRESBYTERIAN INSPIRATION.

"The inspired word is as it came from God without error. The Scriptures are false and Christ is untruthful unless Moses wrote the Pentateuch and Isaiah the book that bears his name."

"The omniscience and unchangeableness of God depend upon the fulfillment of every detail and figure of predictive prophecy."

"A knowledge of the historic Christ and written Scriptures is necessary in the sense that all other light which God may be pleased to give is insufficient for salvation."

The above are the "points of doctrine laid down by the Presbyterian General Assembly."

In view of the broad ideas extant relative to God and religion, they read like the edicts of a barbarian despot. To be sure these "points" are driving out the best men in the Presbyterian Church. To be sure the air is laden with the words of spirits who declare them to be false. To be sure the verdict of thinking men everywhere has been rendered upon their fabulous origin and meaning, but in the blazing light and fire of the day there are plenty of advocates for them who can yell heretic at a disbeliever with as much gusto as ever characterized the "holy crusaders."

It is indeed a strange anomalous in human progress and serves to illustrate the tenacity with which old lies hang on, and the devotion in which their supporters defend them. These are the orthodox, and they are done. Everything orthodox is done. A roast duck is orthodox; it is finished; it is done. So with these people. For them age is the only requirement to which an orthodox lie is ever subjected. Nothing can be thoroughly orthodox that is not thoroughly matured. Mil-dew and John Calvin are a sweeter union than a dynamo and T. A. Edison, while the heavens and earth blaze with the fire of genius, and the whole realm of art is bounding with life and progress, these ant hills of greatness are thrust forward, and from the tombs comes a doleful sound that carries back into the swamps and into the dug outs.

The indications are that a good many more heresy trials will be required before the Presbyterian Church will change its inspiration. While the thinkers and honest preachers are getting out into the field of humanitarianism, the croakers in the swamps yell heretic, and sound the tom-tom of the Lord.

After having read "Led to the Light," by Hudson Tuttle, give it to your friends, and get them interested.

The Conflict Begins.

Prof. Geo. P. Rudolph, formerly a Catholic priest at Cleveland, O., attempted to lecture at the Opera-house, Lafayette, Ind., on the 26th ult., under the auspices of the "American Protestant Association." The speaker's subject was, "Why I Left the Roman Church." Soon after opening his discourse a mob broke in a rear door of the house, and rushed on the stage and attacked the speaker. Rudolph was knocked down with a club, and on rising drew a revolver and fired two shots. This brought a regular fusillade from all parts of the house, which was crowded. A stampede at once ensued, and while screams rent the air, a rush was made for the doors. Many of the ladies were bruised and thrown down in their efforts to escape. The crowd was finally ejected from the stage, and Rudolph continued his lecture. The Sheriff appointed a number of deputies, but they were unable to keep the crowd in the gallery quiet, and the meeting was adjourned. Between fifteen and twenty shots were fired, but no one was hit. Before retiring, however, Prof. Rudolph announced that he would return in a short time and deliver the speech, and denounced the attack in strong language, but the gallery gods would not allow him to be heard, and he was forced to quit, as before stated. A mob waited outside, but under strong guard, Rudolph was placed in a closed carriage and escorted to his boarding-house. The excitement is at fever heat over the occurrence, and it is probable a public meeting will be held to take action in the matter. No arrests were made.

A special from same place of the 29th, following the above, says: The speech that ex-Priest Rudolph tried to deliver here Tuesday night could not have been more sensational against the Catholic Church than was the sermon to night of Rev. Wm. Wirt King, of the Trinity Methodist Church. He denounced the Catholic Church as un-American, an opponent of religious liberty, opposed to education, a standing menace to the institutions of the country. He referred to Tuesday night's riots as but in keeping with the conduct of the Church during the days of the Inquisition, and said the only reason the Inquisition was not in force to-day was from a lack of ability on the part of the Church to enforce it. The sermon has created a great sensation.

Light of Truth Tract No. 1.

"What is Spiritualism?" How to Investigate, how to Form Circles, and Develop and Cultivate Mediumship, Names of a Few Eminent Spiritualists, Their Testimony, A Brief List of Spiritual Publications. By Hudson Tuttle.

We have published an eight page tract, of the above title, for missionary purposes. When a Spiritualist is asked, what do you believe? What eminent people have accepted your doctrines? What books do you recommend? They have here condensed in a nut-shell something to hand out that will come as near a "consensus of the competent" in answering all such questions as possible. They also have general directions for the formation of circles and medial development, which if put in practice will do more than any one thing to promulgate Spiritualism. It is a model of condensation, alike valuable to the Spiritualist for reference, and to give to those interested church members, or otherwise. A gentleman often sending for one copy, sent an order for 1,000, to give to every prominent man in the city, where he resides, another for 500 for like missionary work, and more than a score of orders have been received for 100 copies. A correspondent writes, "a million copies ought to be distributed."

Providence and the Poor.

To show how divine Providence works into the hands of the strong against the weak and unfortunate, it is only necessary to review the present extreme and almost unprecedented cold weather and the action of the coal barons. It is particularly noticeable in this region. The Cincinnati and Pittsburgh Coal Co. has steadily advanced the price of Youghiogheny and Kanawha coal according to the severity of the weather. From \$2.50 per ton it went to \$3, and from that to \$6, the latter price being made January 12th. Poor people can not purchase coal at this price and the suffering is intense. The indications all point to a still greater increase, and it is expected that the price will go to \$7 or even \$8, before the limit is reached.

Meanwhile the barons, who feed their dogs on roast beef and burn coal to heat their conservatories and ball rooms, can dance and enjoy themselves, and thank God for a Shakespeare who could write a line that expresses their sentiments: "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unconstrung."

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The "higher criticism" lost an able exponent, Massachusetts an honored citizen, and the Christian Church an advanced representative on the morning of January 23d, when Phillips Brooks took his departure for the spirit world. His career shows what one man may accomplish if he sets out in the right direction. Had he lived a decade longer he would have thought himself out of the Episcopal Church and out of Christianity just as Renan did. It is a pity that humanity should be called upon to give up such a man as Phillips Brooks at this juncture. However, he will do as much dead to the world as he could have done living in it, only his work will be performed from a different standpoint and its influence will be upon a different strata of human thought and speculation. Bishop Brooks is not dead.

Our Supplement.

A Supplement is issued with this week's LIGHT OF TRUTH, containing a lecture on Spiritualism from the Rev. M. J. Savage, and a full text of Hudson Tuttle's great story "Led to the Light." Those who desire to get their friends interested, now have an opportunity. The story increases in interest as it proceeds.

JUDGE SPRINGFIELD of Tennessee, announces that "no person in necessitous circumstances will be punished in this court for stealing coal from coal trusts"; and he discharged several men and women who had been arrested in Chattanooga for stealing coal, to which the Chicago *Open Court* says: If this dictum is the higher law in Tennessee where the weather is comparatively mild, it must be the very highest law in Illinois, supreme above the statutes and the decalogue, especially in Chicago, where the mercury has a habit of creeping down below the zero point, and staying there. If the code of the Tennessee judge is morally correct, stealing coal from the trust is a patriotic duty.

"INTERNATIONAL SALOONS" is the name given to an industry at Niagara Falls, which has sprung up on account of the ice bridge. The center of the river is neutral ground and here on the ice a few noble representatives of their tribe have built saloons, where they deal out stomach poison in quantities to suit the demand of their barbarian customers. Thus nature's handiwork is successfully and hilariously appreciated.

THERE is some relief in the announcement that Sam Small has given up evangelical work and gone back to his desk in the *Atlanta Constitution* office. Now if the rest of the "soul-saving crew" will subside, or move over into Africa, we may be happy yet.

To Our Readers.

The present issue of the LIGHT OF TRUTH contains much interesting matter for inquiring minds and is therefore well designed for opening up new fields in our general work.

In this connection we desire to call the attention of our friends to the suggestions made a week ago, relative to mailing the issue of February 4th, to their friends.

One of the strongest obstacles we have to deal with is the ignorance of the people, relative to this paper and its work, much of it amongst Spiritualists. And in making this statement we take into consideration the fact that subscriptions are coming in from all parts of the country. But even with this in view we have to consider the vast mass we do not reach because we have no means of reaching them. Now the subscribers who have so earnestly come forward with their money and words of praise, can reach these people to a great extent. Many of them are amongst their circle of friends and acquaintances.

We consider our subscribers as joint partners with us in spreading this gospel of Spiritualism to the world. If the same view is taken by them, the effort we are making will be immeasurably advanced. Furthermore we consider that there is a duty devolving on every person who espouses the Cause of Spiritualism, which in nowise ends in the satisfaction of the demands of self. We desire to impress that duty upon our friends in this instance.

Our circulation is increasing rapidly, but that very fact brings to us added responsibility and spurs us to renewed efforts to keep abreast of the demands, meet the coming increase and work for it.

We make no boasts. The fact that the LIGHT OF TRUTH has met every demand made upon it, thus far is shown by its marvelous success, and must be our plea for its stability and the rectitude of its purpose. There has been no move made in the policy, that has not had the sanction and counsel of the wise company of Spirits, who have its welfare in charge. We desire the world to know this and to understand that Spiritualism is an important function in the great general outworkings of modern civilization.

Therefore we ask our subscribers to aid us by mailing this issue to their friends, as per our notice last week and to use their influence in increasing the circulation. Those who do this and will inform us of the same, will receive an extra copy for their own use, if they so desire.

ANOTHER of our distinguished fellowmen has joined the immortal hosts, making the fifth since new year. James G. Blaine, the "Plumed Knight" as Ingersoll named him, has exchanged his earthly body for a more etherealized one, and which he will feel that he is a better man than ever worldly ambition could have made him; for he had done his duty and his reward will not be small.

A SPECIAL cable dispatch, dated Rome, January 26th, says: That there is untruth in the report that Mgr. Satolli is to be recalled and replaced by Archbishop Ireland. On the contrary it is the intention of the Pope to establish his position in America more firmly.

"THE WAGON ROADS."

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

In your editorials of January 21st you advocate immediate steps being taken to improve the "wagon roads" of the country.

Have you for one moment paused to consider what the result of such a step would be to the people of the country, the farmers?

It is not the farmer who is demanding such legislation. For slow and plodding as he is—accustomed as he has been to allow some one else to think for him—he is alive to the fact that laws compelling improved wagon roads would lay such a heavy burden of taxation upon him that he could never rally from it.

It is the express desire and interest of the leaders of such corporate bodies as pay but a small percentage or no percentage of the taxes, that roads shall be improved before there are laws equalizing taxation. While on the other hand it is the desire and intent of the farmers that no such laws shall be enacted until they cease to pay over forty per cent. of the taxes of the country, as they are now doing.

It is a potent fact that our road system is bad, but there are other systems far worse that should be righted before this is even agitated. When a law equalizing the taxation can be made, then the farmers will willingly share the expense of improving the roads, but now while they are taxed, and taxed to death, and the greater amount of the wealth of the country goes untaxed it must be apparent to everyone who is not working to serve the money and monopolistic powers of the day that to force this question at the present time will bring disaster and ruin to the farming class and drive them to the wall, thereby allowing the money power to seize their homes and well-tilled fields, and make this "free America" what England is to-day.

This is the aim of the money power, and all laws that can lay an added burden upon the tillers of the soil only hastens the day that makes them serfs and slaves in a truer sense of the word than they now are. Your paper aims to keep the truth in advance, but even truth has many sides, and the demand of one class does not always meet the needs of another. Yours for the truth,

INEZ HUNTINGTON AGNEW.

WHO WILL HELP?

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

Permit me, through your paper, to make an appeal to the Spiritualists at large in behalf of Mrs. Wilson, the widow of that veteran pioneer, E. V. Wilson. Spiritualists can help her and help themselves at the same time. She has the plates of her husband's book, "The Truths of Spiritualism," compiled from twenty-five years' experience of what he saw and heard. The book has a fine picture of Mr. Wilson and contains 400 pages, and is calculated to force a belief of Spiritualism upon everyone who will candidly read it.

Mrs. Wilson wants to get out another edition of 1,000 copies, but she has not the necessary means. An old friend and admirer of E. V. Wilson will advance the money, without interest, to issue the edition provided she can get subscriptions enough to pay him back when the books are ready. You are not asked to advance the money and wait until the book is printed, but we wish a guarantee that a sufficient number of the books will be taken and paid for when it is ready for delivery. I will take and pay for, at the selling price, \$1.50, ten copies, besides, I will personally canvass among my friends for subscriptions. I now appeal to your readers to take hold of this matter.

Let everyone who will agree to take one or more copies drop Mrs. Wilson a postal card to that effect. Her address is 127 Cortland Street, Chicago, Ill., and the amount can be pledged within the next ten days, and thus a life-long worker will be assisted, the cause of Spiritualism advanced, and the departed Wilson feel such a relief as only a devoted husband can feel when aid is extended to his destitute widow and you will be blessed. Any inquiries or subscriptions may be sent to Mrs. Wilson or to

ALFRED WILSON.

Box 321, Chicago, Ill.

Read Hudson Tuttle's best story "Led to the Light."

from the bad effects of the La Grippe, Lam
Disease, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Dyspeps
for these diseases when Electricity will d
a health. Rheumatic relieved in one min
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and \$15, if satisfied. Also, Electric Trusses
nothing to try them. Can be regulated to s
for years. A Belt and Battery combin
electricity to shock. Free Medical advice.
measure, price, and full particulars.
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THE WOMEN'S CLUB.

Conducted by Emma R. Tuttle.

THE WHO IS TO COME.
A woman—so far as the beholder
Her one beloved face
A mother—with a great heart that enfolds
The children of the world
A body, free and strong, with that high beauty
That comes of perfect use, to be the world
And mind where reason rules over duty,
And justice reigns with love and tender,
A self, poised, royal, brave, wise, and tender,
No longer blind and dumb
A human being of yet unknown splendor,
Is she who is to come!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

We cordially invite contributions suitable for this department, and assure you they will receive prompt attention. Do not wait till you have something *grand* to say; whatever is of daily interest and moment to you, will be to the members of our Club. Consider yourself one, expected to do your part in entertaining the others. Please write on one side of the paper, and address all matter for publication to Emma R. Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

The Joy of New Light.

ADA Z. STILES.

When thought of new life
Will stir in the breast,
A joy that withstands
The crucible of test.

Oh, what would a sight
Of a radiant face,
And the beautiful form,
We could easily trace.

The hand that would beckon
To loved ones on earth,
To join the glad throng,
In the newly found birth.

A message from one,
Who had gone on before,
Saying they waited
Just outside the door.

To hear the dear voice,
That is calling our name,
Have we ever refused
To respond to the same?

Oh, what is this feeling?
'Tis joy unsurpassed;
And we know the next meeting
Forever will last.

Oh, why then repulse them?
They come with the love,
That stirred in their hearts
E'er the flight of the dove.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, has informed Mrs. Agassiz, the head of the Harvard Annex (Society for the Education of Women), that if the annex could bring to Harvard, in addition to its plant and what it already has, the sum of \$250,000, he would use his influence to have the Annex accepted as part of the university. Should the money be raised the proposition would have to be passed upon by the overseers, and a question of its constitutional legality may arise.

Humane education is taken in hand by the justice-loving and kind hearted everywhere. A few weeks ago the Princess May, daughter of Mary of Teck, while driving in Hammer-smith, saw a man beating his donkey. She stopped her carriage and directed her footman to take away the stick. The brutal fellow tongue-lashed the royal lady and demanded who dared interfere with his rights. When she informed him he humbly begged her pardon. The Princess forgave him and prevented his being arrested, but she gave him a sharp lecture on his cruelty and forbade it in future. In the new *Lyceum Leader*, soon to be issued, is a department for the promotion of humane education called the *Band of Mercy*. We shall endeavor to have our Lyceums lead the Sunday-schools of the world in this needed reform.

Pictured Window Panes.

A few years ago there was a novel novelty much talked about and many wise heads ach'd trying to explain it. It was the appearance of mystical portraits of the dead on window panes. Recently the strange phenomenon has appeared in Canton, Minn., on the upper windows of a church, and it is no less a personage than the Virgin Mary who is pictured. The sick and lame are pouring in for relief. Bishop Cotter insisted on removing the windows, which was done and a common glass substituted. An exchange says:

"The next day a faint outline of the Divine form was visible. It grew plainer day by day until now it is as well defined as the first. With this second window there is a difference. In the first the image was plainly the Virgin and Child. In this window the image is constantly changing. It is our 'Mother of Sorrow.' From the expression I am confident that some great plague—cholera or something—is to visit the earth. The Crucifixion and Mary and Joseph have also appeared on the glass. Skeptics have gone up there and scraped that glass and poured burning acids on it, but our lady is still there. The skeptics all went away convinced."

PREJUDICE VS. LAW.

Dear Sisters of the Club:
Here is a little experience I had in equal rights matters. As you probably know, the laws of Illinois give women the right to vote on school questions. Knowing this, last Spring some of us in this city decided to cast our ballots for a new member of the Board of Education. The local press intimidated us till our number dwindled down to twenty-five. The judges—two of whom claimed to be strong liberals—were opposed to our views and could not count our ballots. They only put them in a cigar box and in their way treated them as a burlesque. Several witticisms were gotten off at our expense by boys brave enough to fire paper guns, but we still survive.

At the November election we were again entitled to vote for trustees of one of our State normal universities, but we had to register first. Only a few ladies had the courage to try again, but, while I expected no success, I determined to go just to uphold a principle. The rain was pouring when myself and daughter went to the polls in our ward. When we told our business the judges feigned much surprise, and one of them said, "Why, no other ladies have applied." I told him that was not our affair, but that we wished to register. I referred them to the law, but they said they would consult legal authority and let us know the result that afternoon. Of course, they didn't do it, but I went to them again and showed them my authority and demanded my rights, but all to no purpose. But finally they wrote our names and those of two other ladies on a paper and pinned it to their register. Afraid to stand by their own wishes and too stubborn to do justice outright.

On election day five of us went together—three widows and all property-holders—and asked to be sworn in and our votes accepted. We were again refused; a number of silly and false excuses being brought up to serve as reasons.

While quietly waiting our turn, a number of negroes came in, and after swearing to their unfitness for the ballot by taking oath that they could not read a word, they were welcomed as voters. Ignorance seemed to be the only qualification required. It seemed impossible to believe that intelligent white men could so degrade womanhood as to give those ignorant creatures the privileges denied to the wives and mothers of this nation. Those blacks were not property-holders

and the women were, even one of their number paying more than the three judges combined. Yet those judges, in their stupidity, prejudice, and unfairness, withheld the rights which were as much ours as their own.

In one ward only of our city did women vote, the judges there trying to show the world that they were not yet living in the jungles and wearing bear skin.

We women talked the matter over and thought of suing our oppressors for damages, but remembering that a similar suit is now pending in this State, we decided to help it through. So we made up a good purse and sent it on to put the case through the Supreme Court. That case will decide ours as well as if we had a trial of our own.

It is high time that we resist the outrageous perpetration by the small men in power; for, "taxation without representation is tyranny."

Yours,

AMARALA MARTIN.

Cairo, Ill.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

CONCERNING WOMEN.

MARY LOUISA.

Many and varied have been the theories concerning woman, her nature, and her sphere.

An old writer said, "Women run like candles, in moulds, and we can make them long three or short sixes, whichever we please." Another theory has been that women were tender, loving, clinging creatures who should be guarded from all toil and care, kept innocent from all evil, thoroughly happy in their home and in the submission they accept, when they pledge "to love, honor and obey."

But facts are stubborn things beside which all theories are idle; and facts have proven that the nature of the woman of to-day is not fashioned after the old-time moulds; many women have grown weary of life, as it was mapped out for them by society. They rebel against the theory of being born into the world to be married. They claim a right to be independent, to use their own will and intelligence for support.

Some of them become possessed of the idea of having brains and rush out from home into the world to advertise the facts. In many instances they are not educated for the work they undertake, consequently it is poorly done and they are more poorly remunerated, and thus arises one of the cries of the injustice done to women. There is no doubt that women are roughly handled and harshly treated, but it is just as true that many are inefficient, and yet expect undue consideration be shown them simply because they are women.

But while facts prove the existence of the woman of independent mind and strong will, there is no denying that the woman of the theoretical type is still with us. She, poor creature, imagines she must be timid, weak, and insipid in order to be a lady. Her mind is incapable of strong convictions, and, if she has an opinion, would not dare express it lest some one should consider her unlady-like. She ignores both work and duty, priding herself on her uselessness; with her ignorance of all practical work is a badge of refinement. She is to be exempt from all care and never expected to share the labors or sorrows of any one, and, while repudiating selfishness, she is profoundly selfish, making her own happiness the end and aim of her being; sacrificing the welfare of her husband and children to her own vanity.

Many of these women have been cooks, house-maids, or shop girls, who have married a successful mechanic or wily politician; yet now they could not sweep a room nor cook a meal, because such work is degrading. The management of their home is left to servants, and these same ignorant, ill-tutored servants neglect their duties and ape the airs of the mistress.

But there is still another class of women—they who consider that true womanliness consists in doing with all their might whatsoever their hands find to do. The woman of this type feels that she was born for some purpose proper to herself and her generation. Her soul is strong and pure, and she is capable and tender; and whether her services be rendered in the home life, where, as wife and mother, she manages the affairs of her household, and rocks her baby's cradle; or whether she is one of those whom stern necessity has forced to become the bread winner for the family, she performs her duties with thoroughness, feeling there is a dignity in labor.

Woman's work in its broad sense involves the whole subject of woman's education and position; for work indicates that which is done, whether it is socially, politically, or scientifically; and while there are comparatively few women who can indulge their inclination or taste in the choice of their work, all may make it a pleasant duty by throwing their hearts into it. "There is no healthy thought without labor; and thought makes labor happy."

Woman was designed by nature to elevate, purify, and spiritualize the world. She can best fulfill her mission by leading a useful, unselfish life, not disdaining to do the smaller things, serving and aiding wherever she may.

It is not the work one does, but the spirit in which she does it that influences those about her.

WOMEN'S CLUB CORRESPONDENCE.

Here is a good report from one of our gentlemen. Our readers will remember Mr. Carr's letter of inquiry to which we made answer in the club. We mailed him the tract "What is Spiritualism?" and advised him to begin work at once. Below you have the result. When our new "Lyceum Leader" is out we hope this worker will procure a copy and build up a lyceum. He will be a good conductor. Read his report.

Dear Editor: Will you accept a report of progress from "Bro. Carr?" If so, here it is: Members at start, 3; members at present, 22; different persons at circle, 57; circles held, about 38; mediums developing, 6; clairvoyant mediums under development, 4; clairvoyant, 4; automatic slate writings, 6.

MY WANTS.

1. Please give plain and comprehensive directions for mesmerizing.
2. Please, give me a name for our band, also a color for ribbon badge.
3. Will some of the brothers and sisters send us some papers and books on Spiritualism?
4. I would like a place for work next Summer in a store or shop; can give references. Would like to be in a Spiritualist family and near some "camp."
Success to Spiritualism, also to the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

FRED CARR.

Box 50, Morrisville, Pa.
In answer to your first request I mail you a recent work on Hypnotism which you can use for four weeks and then return to me. There is so much more it is essential for you to understand, besides how to magnetize, that I can not give it here, so I loan you the book.

2. The most significant color for your badge is some shade of yellow, which means the inspiring energy of light and spirituality, producing a perfect character. Any shade from cream to orange will do—suit your taste. I think "Light of Truth" Band would be a very good name.
3. I will mail you some literature on Spiritualism, and trust others will do likewise. It is good to help each other.
4. I think your systematic work is a good recommendation for you, and I trust you may find just the place you desire. Let us hear from you again, "Bro. Carr."—ED.

MEDIUMS AND LECTURERS.

Mrs. Mattie K. Hall's address is 220 S. Rush Street, Ft. Worth, Tex.

Edgar W. Emerson speaks St. Louis, Mo., during the month of February.

Prof. J. Clegg Wright lectures every Sunday at 10 N. Broad Street, Bricklayers' Hall, Philadelphia.

U. G. Figley will accept lecture engagements. Terms given on application. Address at DeSance, Ohio.

W. Dennis, 120 Thirteenth Street, Buffalo, N. Y., will accept calls for lectures, will also attend funerals in the vicinity of Buffalo.

Mrs. E. Moss, after a successful visit to New York, has returned to Cleveland, O., for a short time, and will hold sittings at 354 Scottville Avenue.

Mrs. Jennie Hagan Jackson speaks at Anderson, Ind., during January; during February at Cleveland, Ohio. Week-day evenings open to engagements.

Mrs. Nellie S. Baude, of 411 Thirteenth Street, Detroit, Mich., may be engaged to lecture or to conduct funeral services. Correspondence solicited for 1893.

Mrs. Celia Loucks is open for engagements to lecture and give psychometric readings and clairvoyant delineations. Address 125 W. Hardin Street, Findlay, O.

Lyman C. Howe is engaged for the Cassadaga Camp July 20 to August 23, and at Haslett Park, Mich., August 31 to 12th, and Brady Lake, Ohio, July 24 to 31st.

Willard J. Hull speaks for the first Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia the Sun, days of January and February. Address mail box 24, 25th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lyman C. Howe, one of our veteran and well-known speakers, is at his home in Fredonia, N. Y. We commend him to societies desiring first-class talent. Address as above.

Prof. W. F. Peck speaks during January at Washington, D. C. Societies and camp-meetings desiring his services during the coming season may address as above 434 K. Street, N. W.

Mrs. O. E. Daniels, trance and inspirational lecturer, can be addressed for fall and winter engagements; will also speak at funerals. Address, 454 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Until further notice Dr. C. T. H. Benton can be addressed for lectures, etc., at 771 Sixty-third Street, Englewood, P. O., Chicago, Ill., instead of 400 Buckner Ave., Peoria, Ill. Will also attend funerals.

Geo. H. Brooks may be addressed during the months of January and February, care of C. H. Gates, cor. of 24th and Holly Streets, Kansas City, Mo. Will accept week-day engagements and attend funerals.

Mrs. A. E. Kibby, trance speaker and platform test medium, will answer calls for above named purposes in neighboring towns and cities. Address 130 Locust Street, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O.

Societies or parties wishing the services of an inspirational speaker for Sundays, week-evenings or funerals, can address Mrs. A. E. Sheets, Grand Lodge, Mich. P. O. Box 833. She has not closed all dates for the winter months.

Mrs. A. H. Luther may be addressed during January, at Duluth, Minn., February and March at Cincinnati, O., April at Pittsburg, Pa., May at Washington, D. C., June, Western New York, July and August, campmeetings, September and October are open dates. November and December of 1893, are engaged.

The well-known trance and business medium, Mrs. Maggie Stewart, will give readings by letter from lock of hair, full name, and age required. Price \$1.00 and two stamps. Also desires engagements with societies for the months of February, March, and April as platform test medium. Address 264 East Main Street, Piqua, Ohio.

Children Tease

For Dr. Hoxie's Certain Croup Cure. Why? Because it cures coughs, colds, whooping cough and croup. It prevents diphtheria and pneumonia, and is a genuine life-saver to hundreds of children who are victims to these dangerous diseases. Pleasant to taste, and gentle in effect, it acts immediately, and the worst attacks are speedily conquered. 50 cents.

When the scalp is atrophied, or shiny-bald, no preparation will restore the hair; in all other cases Hall's Hair Renewer will start a growth.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Smoke Stacks & Steeples

By WILLARD J. HULL.

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For sale at this office.

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Inspirational Lecturer.

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The Society of Union Spiritualists.

—A—

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DURING THE MONTH

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LADIES' AID meets every Wednesday afternoon at 2.30.

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No one admitted without recommendation or introduction from some well known Spiritualist.

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cent stamps, lock of hair, age, sex, and one

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Will attend private classes at their own homes

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FOR YOU

Send four cents postage,

a lock of your hair, name,

age, sex, and receive a

clairvoyant diagnosis of

your disease free.

DR. M. E. HILL,

Miscellaneous Articles

A Pope Looking for a Home.

GET OUT OF HERE!

When Pope Pius from earth did stray,
And upwards winged his lofty way
To seek what's found in Romish story
That cleansing place called PURGATORY.

A place the prophets ne'er could view;
A place the Apostles never knew,
Pius, soaring high a long time, sought
This Purgatory, but found it not.

At length he heaped out Heaven's gate,
He knocked aloud to hear his fate,
And knocking loud and louder still

St. Peter said: what is your will?
The Pope replied, from earth I came,
And Pius was my common name.

And in my Church each learned professor
Called me Christ's Vicar and your Successor,
And what to heretics seem'd so odd,
I called myself Almighty God.

In vain, said Peter, are your hopes,
This gate has not admitted Pops,
And what appears yet stranger still,
It never has and never will.

Well, said the Pope, since that is so,
There is one thing I'd like to know:
Did Kaiser William hither come,
The Prince of Orange and foe to Rome?

Yes, King William is in this place,
And ready to meet you face to face.
No, said the Pope, since he is here,
By the old Church of Rome I swear
I'd Hell prefer and Satan's clan
Than Heaven with any Orangeman.

With that, St. Peter shut the gate,
And left poor Pius to his fate.
He stamped and raged at his sad doom,
And cursed the lying Church of Rome.

He sought around from pole to pole
Till he found the gates of hot steel;
He knocked aloud, a young priest came
And told him to send in his name.

Tell the Devil, said the Pope,
That in him he places all hope.
The Devil came out, aroused with fear,
And said, no Pope shall enter here.

Although on earth you ate your God;
Called bread and wine his flesh and blood,
I can't admit you in my revel:
For if I did, you'd eat the Devil.

— Toledo American.

THE INQUISITION.

The Inquisition, that well-known institution of the Roman Catholic Church, was a species of court or tribunal established for the examination and punishment of heretics. In the twelfth century a priest, called Father Dominic, was charged by Pope Innocent III. to incite the Catholic priests and people to extirpate heretics; and thus the foundation of the dreaded Inquisition was laid. In 1233 Pope Gregory IX. completed the design, and the Inquisition was successively introduced into several parts of Italy, and into some provinces of France. Its whole structure and dealings were foreign to the nature of Englishmen, and it never obtained a hold in England, happily for our land.

These tribunals were admitted into Spain in the thirteenth century, amid much opposition, particularly in the provinces of Castile and Leon, where the bishops maintained their exclusive rights of jurisdiction in spiritual matters. After some time, however, a change was effected; and, while in other countries of Europe the Inquisition could never obtain a firm footing, Spain—the last and most unwilling recipient of its forms—became its staunch supporter, and it was firmly established towards the end of the fifteenth century. Much of this was due to Ferdinand and Isabella, who used it as a political weapon, to render the royal authority absolute by the secret power thus obtained over the nobles.

In 1477, after several turbulent nobles had been subdued in the south of Spain, Queen Isabella went with the Cardinal Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza to Seville, where an attempt was made to introduce the Inquisition, special efforts being directed against the Jews. An assembly of the states was held in Toledo in 1480, when the cardinal urged the establishment of the tribunal throughout the country, as a means of converting or exterminating heretics; and after some opposition, the measure was agreed to, and established under the name of general or supreme Inquisition.

The new court was, therefore, opened in Seville in 1481; Torquemada, prior of the Cardinal Mendoza, having already been appointed by Ferdinand and Isabella as the first Grand Inquisitor.

The prisoners of the Inquisition were at first placed in the Dominican monastery; but this soon became too small to accommodate the number sent, and more than 2,000 persons are said to have been burnt alive during the first year or two. This establishment of the Spanish Inquisition was, however, opposed by the Pope, as the conversion of an ecclesiastical into a secular tribunal, and Torquemada was repeatedly summoned to Rome; but, instead of obeying, he merely sent a friend to defend his cause, and in 1483 Pope Sixtus IV. was obliged to yield, and acknowledge him Inquisitor-General of Castile and Leon, while, by a later bull, Aragon, Valencia, and Sicily were also made subject to him. The establishment of this mighty power among them had not been unopposed by the people, and risings took place against it, particularly at Saragossa; but they were obliged to yield. The tribunal was wholly dependent on the will of the Spanish sovereign, and thus became an instrument in establishing much arbitrary power, by putting down the clergy, who had previously acknowledged only the Pope as the head of the Church, as their supreme authority, and oppressing the nobles.

The property of any who were condemned fell to the king, and, although it was nominally granted to the Inquisition, was still at his disposal, though Ferdinand and Isabella, it is true, devoted a part of this property to found convents and hospitals. It has been computed that in Spain alone there were 20,000 officers of the Inquisition, who served as spies and informers, and who were called familiars. Most of them did their work secretly, and none knew whom to trust, as the most intimate friend might be an emissary from the powerful tribunal. Infamous as they seem to us now, these posts were sought even by persons of rank, on account of the privileges connected with them.

The supreme tribunal, under the Inquisitor-General, sat at Madrid. He was assisted by a council, numbering six or seven, and there were various officials belonging to the court, the one specially appointed to carry on prosecutions being called the fiscal. As soon as an accused appeared and the fiscal had called upon the court to exercise their authority, an order was issued to seize the accused. If he did not appear at the third summons, he was excommunicated. From the moment a prisoner was in the power of the court he was cut off from the world. The advocate was appointed to defend him could not speak to him except in the presence of the Inquisitors. The accused was not confronted with the accuser nor the witnesses before the court, neither were they made known to him; and he was often subjected to the torture to extort a confession, or to explain circumstances which had not been fully explained by the witnesses.

Imprisonment, often for life, scourging, and the loss of

property were the punishments to which the penitent was subjected. Wearing the *san benito*, or vest of penitence—a sort of coarse, yellow tunic, with a cross on the vest and back, and painted over with demons—was a common method of punishment, the penitents having to wear it for a fixed period. When sentence of death was pronounced against the accused, the *auto de fe*, or ceremony of burning the heretic in public, was ordered. This usually took place on Sunday, between Trinity and Advent Sundays.

As "the Church never pollutes herself with blood," a servant of the Inquisition, at the close of the procession and ecclesiastical ceremony preceding the execution of the sentence, gave each of those who had been sentenced a blow with the hand, to show that the Inquisition had no longer any power over them, and that the victims were abandoned to the secular arm. A civil officer now received the condemned, bound them with chains, and led them to the place of execution. They were then asked in what faith they would die. Those who answered "the Catholic" were first strangled; the rest were burnt alive.—*Agnostic Journal*, London, Eng.

Free Masons Hit Back at the Pope.

The Masonic Veteran Association of the Pacific coast, in session at San Francisco recently, passed some resolutions which were unanimously adopted, among which were:

Whereas, it has been recently publicly proclaimed to the world through the public press, that a new decree has been declared from the Vatican by Pope Leo XIII. against Free masonry and Freemasons in general, and against our brethren in Italy in particular, a fresh warrant for persecution, and a new declaration of war against free government and the rights of conscience, reviving the bull of Clement XII. in 1838, of excommunication, confiscation, and sentence of death against Freemasons, without hope of pardon, and re-declared by every successor to the Papal throne to the present Pope, Leo XIII.

Whereas, Adopting the language of our late grand commander, Brother Albert Pike, in his reply to the said encyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII: "Nowhere in the world has Freemasonry ever conspired against any government entitled to its obedience or to men's respect. Wherever now there is a constitutional government which respects the rights of men and of the people, and the public opinion of the world, it is the loyal supporter of that government. It has never in any country been the enemy of the people, the suppressor of scientific truth, the stifler of the God given right of free inquiry as to the great problems, intellectual and spiritual, presented by the universe, the extorter of confession by the rack, the burner of women, and the exhumed bodies of the dead. It has never been the enemy of the human race and the curse and dread of Christendom. Its patron saints have been St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, and not the beatified chiefs and monsters of the Inquisition.

Whereas, The "Father of his country," our beloved Brother George Washington, and the other Masonic founders of the American Republic, in carrying out the principles set forth in the Declaration of Liberty and Independence, and forming a constitution in accordance therewith, providing that "Congress shall have no power to establish religion, or to prevent the free exercise thereof," against which the encyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII. in 1884, is directly aimed, as well as against Freemasonry; and reaffirmed in his recent declaration made known to the world by the public press; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, as Freemasons, loyal to the constitutional government of these United States, to the free institutions and laws of our country, as good citizens, and faithful to the principles of Freemasonry which have fallen under the ban of the Pope and the entire papal hierarchy at Rome, we will maintain and defend the same at all hazards whenever they are assailed by the enemies of free government, and to which, as our Masonic fathers did, "we pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honors."

DISCLAIM KNOW-NOTHINGISM.

In reply to an attack on the A. P. A., charging this widespread organization with being composed of Know-Nothings, the *Toledo American* says:

"The A. P. A. does not ostracise anybody because of the accident of birth, on the contrary its principles are so elastic as to embrace all nations. American patriotism is its watchword and it welcomes all to that standard, whether English, French, German, or anything else. Neither is there any proscription because of religious belief. Episcopalians, Jews, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, and members of any and every other faith are eligible as, and indeed, many such are, members of the order. But we do not regard Catholicism as a legitimate religion. It is based upon falsehood and reared with fraud. Besides, its political potency is far in excess of its religious value. It is as a political organization, as an avowed and unscrupulous enemy of American institutions and independence that it is opposed, not because there may be those who find religious comfort in its peculiar doctrines. They are welcome to their faith, if that faith were solely religious, but it is not so, and as it is much else, and much worse, being something antagonistic to the best interests of the American people, it meets with the condemnation to which it is entitled as such.

"Mr. Ignoramus charges criminality against society and against State. This is completely of a piece with his amazing ignorance as exhibited in all else he alleges. If there is criminality in striving by every legitimate means to maintain untarnished the glorious constitution bequeathed us by our forefathers; if there is criminality in holding its principles sacred against the attacks of vicious enemies; if there is criminality in keeping the State distinct from the Church; if there is criminality in debarring the encroachment upon our liberties and freedom by foreign powers and potentates; if there is criminality in upholding the principle of America for the Americans, and a government of, by, and for the people; if there is criminality in preventing the retrograde progress which would be the inevitable result of subservience to Papal thralldom; if there is criminality in opposing the spread of ignorance, vice, and superstition; if—in a word—if there is criminality in holding onto what is good and rejecting what is evil, then certainly are the aims and purposes of the A. P. A. criminal."

LITERARY REVIEW.

THE EYE OPENER. By ex-Priest P. A. Seguin, editor of the *True Protestant*, 120 North Wood Street, Chicago, Ill. pp. 28; price 25 cents.

It is an expose of questions put to women and young girls by priests in the confessional-box. If true, as stated in this book, it makes the confessional-box a veritable trap for susceptible females and an easy prey for lustful or designing father confessors. A sequel to this is "The Confessional-box Unmasked," also 25 cents. "The Fate of Jesuitism," 15 cents, and "Purgatory," 10 cents, are pamphlets of a similar order. Address as above.

Past, Present and Future. Poems by M. E. Taylor, dedicated "To my many friends." Price 10 cents. Address Fort Calhoun, Neb. This is a poetical essay on evolution, and will undoubtedly prove interesting reading to all who send for it.

Spiritual Experiences. Mrs. Dr. Jane B. Packer, clairvoyant physician, of Taunton, Mass., tells her life and spiritual experiences in a neat little pamphlet of eighty pages. It may aid those who have healing powers to develop by reading the book, as a little practical information in such instances is better than volumes of theory or learned disquisitions. Price not stated, but a postal card directed as above will obtain the desired information.

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THE CELEBRATED

Martha Washington

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS, Continued.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

—Next Sunday Mrs. Colby Luther speaks at G. A. R. Hall, N. 1st St.

—To our Spanish readers we can recommend the following interesting and latest publication: *Almanaque de la Revista de Estudios Psicológicos y de la Práctica Psíquica*, para 1893. Madrid: Tipografía de C. Alonso, Calle del Soldado, num. 7. Spain.

—A trumpet circle will be given by some of the best local mediums, for the benefit of the Union Society of Spiritualists, at G. A. R. Hall, 115 West Sixth Street, on Wednesday evening, February 22, 1893. Tickets of admission, 25 cents. Can be had of mediums, members, and friends of the society. Tickets are not transferable and will not be sold at the door. The circle will be formed at 8 o'clock sharp.

—Dr. J. Lamon, well known as a former resident of this city, passed to spirit life on the 22d ult. at his home in Chattanooga, Tenn. He had been residing in Salt Lake City a few months previous to his demise, but expressed a wish to return to his old home once more. Shortly after his spirit passed out to the "home over there." So it is with many. The home aura—where the spirit was born into material life—seems to be the one needed to help it into spirit life. Yes, 'tis there where mother's "beckoning hands" are awaiting her own.

—Hon. J. J. Owen, formerly editor of the *Golden Gate*, has in press a book entitled "Marvelous Manifestations of Psychic Power, through the mediumship of Fred J. Evans, independent slate-writer." The book will be profusely illustrated, and is to cost \$2.50.

—Prof. J. S. Watson, of New York, who is not only a good musician, but a good writer as well, contributes an interesting article to Holbrook's *Journal of Hygiene* for January on "Healing by Music." He demonstrates by philosophy and example of the healing power in music if properly applied, which, he says, constitutes "judgment, common sense, and, above all, sympathy." Those interested in the "divine art" as a therapeutic agency should send for this valuable monthly magazine, as it contains other good things all the year round. Address Dr. M. L. Holbrook, 46 E. Twenty-first Street, New York.

—Two new spiritual publications have been born since the new year has come. The first one is the *Union*, a liberal weekly and official organ of the "Grand United Spiritual Society of America," and published by John Larsen, 32 Eighth Street, San Francisco, Cal. The second is *Our Reason*, a monthly journal "devoted mainly to the interest of Spiritualism, etc.," and published by Ashman Brothers, 34 Douthitt Building, Seattle, Washington.—Both are welcome guests, as we can not have too many spiritual papers to aid in spreading the light. But our people should support them as the Christians do their journals; i. e., make it a sacred duty to take at least one paper and renew promptly at expiration; and those who can afford it should take all.

—The social, preceded by a supper, at the Union Society hall last week, was a pleasant and well attended affair. The young folks were out in full force, and seemed to enjoy themselves to their heart's content. But another announcement, pleasing to the young, has already gone forth. It is as follows: "The annual masque party will be given by the Society of Union Spiritualists, at G. A. R. Hall, 115 W. Sixth Street, Wednesday evening, February 15, 1893. Hat check, including admission, 25 cents. If in Mask this ticket must be shown to obtain an admission check." Friends are invited. A good time may be anticipated, as some new and original costumes are promised.

—The hall of the Ethical Spiritualists at 227 Main Street was filled to overflowing last Sunday night, many going away unable to get even inside the room. Every inch of space was occupied. Dr. J. D. Buck gave a grand lecture from the subject, "An Outline of Theosophy." Only those who have heard him lecture can comprehend how fluently he handles his subject. He carried his audience with him. He will lecture at least once each month before this society. The members thereof are certainly very fortunate in securing his services. After the lecture Mrs. Ropp gave many of her wonderful tests. She is certainly the grandest test medium Cincinnati has ever seen, and is also regularly engaged to work for this society. The Chapin family enlivened the audience with their beautiful songs, rendered as only they can give them. Mrs. Ricker was in the hall for the first time in four weeks, and showed plainly the effects of her sickness. She has been wonderfully aided by other mediums coming to her assistance in the hour of need. Next Sunday night Miss Bessie Duval and Fred W. Arnim will lecture, and Mrs. Ropp will give tests. This society can certainly congratulate itself on its phenomenal growth, and can already be considered an assured success.

—The Ladies' Aid Society gave their supper January 25th at G. A. R. Hall. The cosy ante-room was a scene of pleasant excitement. The carpet was protected by heavy brown paper, a table occupied the center of the room, around which the ladies swarmed like busy bees, hurrying to and fro, laden with sweets for the long table in the main hall. Oh, the fragrance of that coffee! for the ladies are famed for their coffee. We think many will not be privileged to taste its equal again, until next supper. What delightful occasions the society suppers are! like great family gatherings! We wish they were better attended, if that were possible, in Grand Army Hall. The floor was crowded with dancers. Pleasant faces and smiles were the order of the evening. It reminded me of Tennessee's "Rose Bud Garden of Girls." Many of our ladies were missing from our ranks during the cold months of December and January. We were distressed to learn their absence was due to illness. We beg of you, ladies, to send or have sent to us a postal when sick that we may not seem to be negligent or lacking in sympathy with a suffering member. We find it impossible to have a regular visiting committee, as scattered as we—some living in Avondale, Walnut Hills, Mt. Auburn, Mt. Adams, Price Hill, Fairmount, Covington, Newport, Ludlow, Sedamsville, and other places. It is one of the by-laws of the L. A. S. for any lady living in the vicinity of a sick member to constitute herself a visiting committee and report the case to the society. This can not always be done, however, from the fact that we are often the only one in our neighborhood, therefore we ask you to notify us when through illness you are unable to attend the Wednesday meetings. This coming Wednesday, February 23d, is given in charge of Mrs. E. Dee, a well known medium, who conducts one of the adult classes in the lyceum, and gives great satisfaction there. When we have in our circle such mediums as Mrs. Dee, almost everyone is sure to receive some crumb of comfort. I was once asked, "what was the object of the Ladies' Aid?" I would like to answer her: Its object is to stimulate its members to greater efforts in the cause of Spiritualism; to assist in the development of mediumship; to dispense charity; to promote social intercourse among its members, and give the advantage of organized effort.

—Last Sunday dawned beautifully, inviting churchgoers out after many weeks of weather-bound incarceration. The sun shone bright, and the streets were enlivened with people going their various ways in search of their particular place of worship. The Spiritualist halls had their quota of the populace in search of spiritual or religious comfort, and like the churches could boast of better audiences than it has been their lot to have during the past three or four weeks. The Union Society, where Mr. J. Frank Baxter was closing his engagement for the season records two good audiences, one at 10.30 a. m., when Mr. Baxter spoke on "Religious Progress" in commemoration of the anniversary of Thomas Paine, and one at 7.30 p. m. when this same gentleman discoursed on "Nature's Indices to the Probability of the Claims for Immortality and Spirit Intercourse." Mr. Baxter prefaced this lecture by a poem from Longfellow, and closed it by a song from the same poet, entitled, "When the Hours of Day are Numbered." In his lecture the speaker pointed to the various indications, both in the evolution of nature and that of the human race, that favored a belief in a future life, but closed by showing that despite all the philosophy that could be brought to bear in testimony of such a belief, nothing superceded the simple facts that Spiritualism could offer. In fact, that in Spiritualism alone could be found the absolute proofs of spirit existence and return.—The seance which followed the lecture, was, as usual, fine. The medium, Mr. Baxter, opened the same by presenting a vision that was being given to him. It was as if a large concourse of children were before him, and among them were banks of flowers—roses, lilies, daisies, and violets. He didn't know but that it was allegorical. But presently several of the spirits from this concourse stepped forward, approached him and gave their names as Rosa Ziegler, Rosa Eaton, Lillie Kibby, Lilly McDonald, Daisy Zell, Daisy Wright, and Violet Grissard. His meaning is self-evident. All were recognized. Next came a young girl who wanted to absolve her brother Robbie from all blame. She also wished that her "Auntie" could know of this, as she would then tell her "Auntie." She gave her

name as Lila, and said that Mary was with her. Frank Robbins took the medium to a lady in the audience and said: "The brightest jewels worn in heaven are those earned by trials and polished through suffering." The purport of the message was an earnest appeal to the spirit to recognize the satisfaction of several in the audience, Ben Hopkins announced himself. He said he had no apologies to make for coming, and he didn't know or care whether he was welcome or not, but gave the audience to understand that all men were creatures of circumstances, which would sooner or later be known to others besides himself, and then they would probably, like himself, have different views of life and life's affairs. A number of others came, but space forbids detail. Among them Henry Lazarus, who told a queer story of his existence in the "desh." A. W. Wood, who wanted to say, as a test, to some one that materialism is true; he having demonstrated it himself by materializing; Julia Math, who says she came with "grandpa," an old gentleman named Winslow, who was prevented from saying what he wanted to say by the medium's control; after which followed several others, when a spirit closed the seance with a benediction. He gave his name as Hall, and had been, presumably, a preacher. At the dismissal of the audience, many of the friends called on Mr. Baxter to bid him adieu, all wishing him future prosperity and health, and a long life in his useful career as an expounder of Spiritualism and a medium. Next Sunday Mrs. Colby Luther will greet the friends.

Ashley O.

On January 19th the Spiritualists and Liberals of Ashley and Marango—friends and neighbors of H. P. McMaster—were invited to his home to celebrate the golden wedding, or the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. McMaster. They are among the pioneer Spiritualists of Delaware County, and among the first to subscribe to the fund for purchasing our camp grounds here. He and his wife have been for many years enjoying the beautiful truths of Spiritualism. The long line of relations and friends, who gathered to celebrate the return of the day, speaks of love and respect, coupled with a desire to manifest their appreciation, to the number of one hundred and three, besides the little folks. The dinner was great! Yes, great in quantity, great in quality, and a very great feeling inspired each guest—an endless variety, elegantly prepared.

After dinner the autobiography of H. P. McMaster was read, being one among a long list of prominent men in Delaware County, an interesting work throughout, embracing as it does the history of the struggles of the early settlers. It gave to each individual present an idea of the hardships endured by our forefathers, and then as a pleasure, too, as an interluding of the spiritual experiences of Mr. and Mrs. McMaster were recorded in this volume. After fifty years of life together we greet them, reading in their kind faces the trials, conflicts, and victories crowned with success at eventide within their home. The many conflicts speak of rest and peace, while the harmonious element, so apparent, brings one within close proximity with the disembodied. When life grows weary, and friends fail, some quiet, secluded retreat, where truth and gentle solitude hover with a charm, for every care come to such a home as this, builded not altogether of earth's beauties, but within touch of vanished hands; and ere you are aware health, strength, and happiness are yours again. There is no room for hopelessness on their walls and in their hearts; no room for Fate's relentless pen to write despair. One feels a sense of loss not to have known them in life's gay springtime, fifty years ago.

Her voice was low and sweet that day.

Her way had been from above.

Her cheek was like the wild red rose

That showers its petals down.

Her eyes spoke of true constancy,

While guardians from above

Saw, look for fifty years and see,

Faithful unchanging love.

Oh, silver have come and gone, dear friends,

In sunshine and in shade,

And silvered are the silken locks

That on your fair brow strayed.

The glow of sunset's silvery glow,

Come like an angel-hand,

And speak a voiceless language, lo,

Prepared for spirit land.

—CORA GRANT RANDOLPH.

Cleveland, O.

In the last issue of your paper, Mrs. Lillie made some remarks concerning the public seance held by Mr. Chase and myself for the benefit of the Cleveland Progressive Lyceum. I hope she has heard both sides of the question, as she presumes to say what is best for the spirits to do; i. e., that they should confine materializing seances to the parlors alone, being delicate manifestations. We all know that, but are not our friends on the other side better judges of their actions than Mrs. Lillie?

When it comes to a question of holding a public seance to insure a continuance of educating the lyceum children did they not do right? One was held in New York for the benefit of the First Society, at which Professor Wright was present, and with others voted it a grand success. Two large private seances were also held for the benefit of two other societies to enable them to carry on their meetings and pay their speakers.

Mrs. Lillie says it was extensively advertised, but not near as much as Mr. Gould's lectures; and it seems to me Mrs. Lillie pays herself and others a poor compliment to say that it takes months of work to undo the work of one such seance. She quotes Puck's, "What fools we mortals be!" and thinks it sublimely funny to see the strange things people do—self-deceived into the belief that their motives are good. It is said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." If we may judge by the fruits of that seance—through the many investigators it has brought—we would call it a success. I was informed that many good tests were given, and every form recognized. A number were present who had never attended any spiritual gathering before, but have since given me the pleasure of their presence.

Mrs. Lillie seems to blame us because Mr. Gould's lectures, though he has employed good talent, are poorly attended. But if she were to inquire further she would find that many staid away on account of certain articles inserted in the daily papers concerning the officers of the lyceum.

For myself I would say I had nothing to gain, though I have reaped a harvest of unkind words. But I am glad to say the lyceum is upon a firmer foundation than in many years before.

Yours, MRS. EFFIE MOSS.

Sturgis, Mich.

In a recent edition of the *Journal* of this city was given a condensed report of the re-opening and re-dedication of the Spiritual Church by the Harmonial Society. It was the first building ever erected by Spiritualists in which to hold their meetings, and on that account much interest centers in the venerable house, so much so that the Spiritualists of the entire world point to the "Free Church of Sturgis, Mich., United States of America," as the old and respected landmark of the faith.

The records of the preliminary meetings of this society and its organization with its proceedings and records having been burned, the following certificate of its organization was procured from the county clerk, and now recorded, as on file in the county clerk's office, St. Joseph County, Mich.

We, Harrison Kelly and Jonathan G. Wait, members of the Harmonial Society of the village of Sturgis, in the County of St. Joseph and State of Michigan, at a meeting of said society called for the purpose of electing permanent officers of the same, do hereby certify that said meeting was held at said village of Sturgis on the second day of September, A. D. 1888, and do hereby certify that we, the said Harrison Kelly and Jonathan G. Wait, were nominated by a majority of the votes present as inspectors of the election to receive the votes and determine the qualifications of voters; we do further certify that Jonathan G. Wait, James Johnson, Baker B. Gardner, Wm. H. Orborn, and Nathan H. Hutchinson were duly elected to the office of executive committee of said society, and their successors in office shall forever hereafter be known as the Harmonial Executive Committee.

Given under our hands and seals at Sturgis, this second day of September, A. D. 1888.

J. G. WAIT.

HARRISON KELLY.

Since the above papers were executed the Harmonial Society has been faithfully served by several officers who had been elected from year to year. Hon. J. G. Wait was its first president, and had been re-elected from year to year for twenty-five years from its formation. After him came President Daniel L. Parker, J. P. then Benjamin C. Buck, who served two years, and was in office at the time of his death. Then came the present officers, Mr. H. C. Rawson, president; Dr. A. D. Howard, secretary; and Mrs. C. B. Gardner, treasurer. The executive committee consists of five persons, namely: John Kelly, Mrs. James Johnson, C. B. Buck, Mrs. Susan Wait and C. Cressler.

Dayton, Ohio.

For two evenings the Spiritualists of Dayton have heard J. Frank Baxter's ministrations with delight and profit. The uses of Spiritualism was a most timely and suitable supplement to what had preceded it in the same hall, on Theosophy, by Mrs. Besant. The theories of the former were made practical in the latter. The removal of the bondage and fear of death was made prominent, and the complete development of useful inventions by spirit power was presented as belonging to those of the purely material planes. Whether this was reincarnation or direct spirit agency was only a difference in names as to the results. We have no war with Theosophy, as the countless of Russia, known as Mad. Blavatsky was the medium through whom Russian serfdom was abolished, as much as those spirit forces that prompted Lincoln to write the Emancipation Proclamation. All these proceed from one common source, and these two elements are working on the same lines for the same objects,—the elevation, improvement and emancipation of mankind from error, prejudice, superstition, and ecclesiastical tyrannies. After the discourse he proceeded to give tests of spirit identity. Among these was one John C. Heggott, who, the medium said, had left a son that never knew his father as he had passed out suddenly before this son was born. The facts were so true to the recollection of several present that Mr. Baxter's statements were immediately verified. So with Gus Thomas, Mrs. Baum, Harry Meyers, Ben Ayres. Chaplain Barnshaw of the Soldiers' Home, rounded up the session with some of his characteristic methodism and benedictions, and the meeting closed with hearty congratulations to the speaker and medium.

The speaker was greeted again with a large attendance on Friday evening when he brought the Church and Spiritualism face to face on the testimony of the Bible, showing from this record that all the denials of spiritual phenomena by the ecclesiastics was a denial of their own basis of faith and dogma. No brief review can do justice to the lecture itself. Following upon this again was some remarkable tests, of spirit identity, especially that relating to George Parrot, an ex-methodist minister, who died so suddenly while at Middletown attending his old church conference. He had outgrown his beliefs, yet his old associations took him back to such conclaves of the church. Among the tests was one directed to the presiding officer, whose daughter Stella came with her consolations, alluding to their mutual musical enjoyments as he played his favorite airs on the violin, in which she from the other side of life participated, although the mother would give no heed to her wishes, nor to the distress of either in this direction. The cause is here making favorable progress.

VETERAN.

Columbus, O.

The many friends of Mr. H. W. Archer and his estimable and accomplished wife have reason to congratulate themselves in having again had the opportunity to enjoy Mr. Archer's wonderful and convincing manifestations. Mr. and Mrs. Archer were entertained by Mrs. D. H. Boyce, of 184 S. Scioto Street, of whom it can be said that she is the mediums' stanch and true friend; nor has any one woman done more in private life to spread the truth. Mr. Archer and wife came to our city by urgent invitation, intending to stay three or four days only. But they have too many warm friends here to get away so easily, so their visit had been extended. We are anxious to keep them for all time if possible. Their departure from our city several months ago was a disappointment to all; and I was both surprised and indignant to learn that a report had gone forth to the effect that they had been compelled to leave Columbus. This statement is utterly false. Verily, I say unto you, a lie doth travel exceedingly fast—and truth must hustle to catch up in time to choke the life out of it. I have witnessed materialization in Mr. Archer's seance, and have attended his trumpet seances. The manifestations in both phases were grand and beautiful, especially in the former. The results were astonishing. I could write pages of description had I the time, but I will have to content myself with a few remarks concerning my own spirit friends. Although I have been in a great many circles, and have enjoyed meeting dear friends, yet there were certain ones who did not come though should have been the first to greet me. But through Mr. Archer they came, one of which was my dear father who gave me words of cheer and encouragement. Another was a cousin with whom I had always been a great favorite. But the best test of all was the coming of my first playmate, and gave his name, Earnest Everett Wells. We went to school together at Painesville, Me., for five years. I had never mentioned his name or circumstances connected with him to any one. He told me that he passed out in New York three years ago. Mr. Archer has a bright, shrewd, and witty control in the Light of Truth, who is a most indefatigable canvasser for the LIGHT OF TRUTH. At every seance he solicits subscriptions. Those who are familiar with Mr. Archer's materializing seances should try his trumpet seances, which are very satisfactory.

MRS. LUELLA THOMAS.

Painesville, O.

Painesville has had a slight stirring up—not an earthquake nor yet a cyclone—but some of the dry bones have been made to rattle, and the immediate cause is a visit from W. A. Mansfield, the slate-writing medium, who spent Sunday and Monday in our town, and was kept busy every moment. His stay was altogether too short, but we hope to have him back again in the near future, as Painesville people know a good thing when they see it, and Mr. Mansfield's sittings were very satisfactory. One lady got her writing with her slates hanging on the chandelier. Another tied her handkerchief around the slates and put them on the floor and sat with her feet upon them. One side of one of the slates was completely covered with a message in a very fine, delicate handwriting with name in full. Across this was another message in a large, bold hand, with name also in full. This lady had a little girl with her, and the child was then directed to take the other slate and lay it on the carpet, which she did, some eight feet from the medium. She was soon told to get it, and the underside was covered with another message and another name. One lady brought a question written on a small piece of paper, and simply addressed, mother—no name. The question was answered, and the mother's name signed in full. Some failed to get any writing, your correspondent, for instance, and perhaps we shall never quite understand why those things happen, but I think the medium would not want anyone to go away disappointed, if he could help it. He does not get any money for such, and I presume he finds as much use for that as the rest of us do, and would like it as well. The successes outnumber the failures. Mr. Mansfield also held two evening seances, which were as enjoyable and fully as satisfactory as the slate-writing, although the manifestations are on a different line. Nearly everyone in the circle received messages written on pads of paper in their own laps and put into their own hands by the spirit hands, which were plainly felt by everyone.

I need not say anyone who misses attending one of Mr. Mansfield's evening seances, misses a rare treat. He is a grand instrument in the hands of the spirits, and a true gentleman himself, which is a matter of no little importance.

Yours in the work, MYRA F. PAINE.

Vick's Floral Guide

For 1893, just issued, contains Colored Plates of Alpine Aster, Begonia, Dahlias, Cannas, Clematis, Dutchman's Pipe, Pansies, Corn, and Potatoes. Descriptions and prices of the very best flowers and vegetables, and many novelties. Try Chamberlain and Golden Nugget Corn; they pleased everybody last year. Hundreds of beautiful and appropriate quotations from the best authors makes it the Poets' Number. Every lover of a good garden should send to cents for Guide, which can be deducted from first order—costs nothing.

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OBITUARY.

MRS. J. B. L. CHAPLIN.

Overlooking the lake to the west, and the auditorium and flower-dotted and bower-shaded landscape to the east at Cassadaga Lake Camp grounds, stands the Champlin Cottage—among the first erected on the ridge, and there, during the past twelve years, have gathered the spiritually illumined whose congenial sympathies made it a restful retreat, and a sweet tonic to the weary, weak, and sad, as well as to the vigorous, intellectual, and buoyant. Conspicuous among the spiritual attraction to that charmed spot has been the gentle, intelligent, and beautifully developed woman whose name heads this article. She was a truly representative Spiritualist. She loved and lived the religion of Spiritualism. One who visited Cassadaga had a livelier appreciation of intellectual feasts and spiritual baptisms presented on platform, or extended a more genial and sustaining sympathy to the inspired workers in every sphere of usefulness, the great cause than this beautiful woman, whose soul joined the silent hosts in the land of eternal bliss.

She never indulged in mischievous gossip, or shared the evil jealousies and personal bickerings that so often mar and poison the otherwise pleasant atmosphere of social life. She had a kind thought for all, and her generous sympathies went out to the poor and oppressed in helpful measure without display. In the camp she was a silent support to the devoted few who carry the burdens in secret and spread the feasts openly. Her visible physical presence will be greatly missed, and her place cannot be filled by another. Mrs. Chaplin, who was her close friend, knew her worth, and will miss her more than the world can realize. Although the change has not been entirely unanticipated, yet the shock to those in nearest earthly sympathy with her life is deep, and the vacant places that shone with the light of her presence will be filled with echoes sweetly sad and tearfully tender. The funeral rites took place at her home in Little Valley, N. Y., on Thursday, January 12th, and a blending of the two worlds was tangible in all the air, while a tender sorrow breathes in the stillness and hallowed the hour. Rev. Mr. Woodworth, a warm personal friend of the family, sang a sweet hymn and read Father Ryan's exquisite poem, which was a favorite of Mrs. Chaplin's and read at her request. It was exquisitely rendered. She is not dead. She is arisen. But we who remain will feel her change as a great loss to the friends left behind. May the knowledge of spiritual truth sustain the bereaved friends.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

NOTES FROM ALL POINTS.

Troy, N. Y.—Considerable interest is manifested in Spiritualism in this vicinity, and whole families have been brought to see the truth, and numerous family circles are the consequence. Miss Georgie Reynolds' tests are very convincing and are the talk of the people who come again and again and bring their friends, and new faces are constantly being seen in our circle-room. Strangers visiting Troy are cordially invited to call on us. Every Sunday, 3 o'clock p. m., room 18, Keenan Building.

REPORTER.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Mrs. E. Cutler writes: "I have been requested by the President of the Woman's Progressive Union of Buffalo, N. Y., to write a few lines concerning the society, thinking other societies will follow in like work. The object of this is to raise money for a building where Spiritualists can meet, and the building to have a lecture room, a library, whatever rooms are needed. The society is just three years old, and has a large lot costing \$5,000. They expect to build a basement next September so they can hold their meetings instead of renting a hall in which to hold services. The union raises money by holding fairs and giving socialables. Each member pays twenty-five cents for these and five cents a week arrears. After the weekly business meeting they employ the rest of the time in holding seances or reading, and making the evening very pleasant. The time has come that all women who are interested in the cause of Spiritualism should go to work and organize for a building fund, so that societies can have their own home. The Churches build, why not Spiritualists. It is to be hoped that the women in every State will begin the work after this pattern. The president of the society in Buffalo is Mrs. Nettie Hunt, 1142 West Avenue.

Springfield, Mass.—The trance address of Mrs. Kate Still here on Sunday night, the 22d ult., was a powerful and dramatic appeal to the young not to make haste to be rich. The spirit claimed to be a millionaire, and he repeatedly bemoaned his great failure when in earth life. He said he was now worse than a pauper, because he had failed to lay up spiritual treasures. The hell of conscience, to him now was more damning than any actual fiery hell. He warned his hearers repeatedly not to lead such a life as he did, though it made him the possessor of millions. The audience was profoundly impressed by the appeal.

Akron, O.—D. H. Drushal, of 304 Mill Street, under date of 27th ult., writes: "It has been a long time since there has been such spiritual meetings in this place as recently. But in spite of our many orthodox Churches we are gaining ground, and our meetings are a decided success. We have Mr. Frank T. Ripley, of Boston, Mass., with us, and his lectures and tests are meeting the hearty approval of all present. Our audiences are composed of some of our most intelligent people, which is very gratifying. Wake up, brothers and sisters, the time is ripe for the advancement of Spiritualism. Let nothing dampen your ardor and zeal for the cause of truth. We would like to hear from some good speakers, as our cause must progress here.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—The "Grand Rapids Spiritual Association" meets in Lincoln Hall every Sunday morning and evening at 10.30 and 7.30. Circle at 6 p. m. and every Thursday evening. Sunday lyceum after the morning services. Our society is rapidly increasing in numbers; our meetings, all of them are well attended. Helen Stuart Richards is filling a two month's engagement with us. She is certainly a gifted speaker. Her psychometric readings from the rostrum are wonderful.

L. D. SANBORN, Sec'y.

Albany, N. Y.—The Albany Spiritual Alliance has been doing good work this season. They have been very fortunate in securing the services of the wonderfully talented and noble worker, Mrs. H. S. Lake, since November 1st to the present time. Sunday, 29th, will be her last for the present. The next two months she is elsewhere engaged, but return to us again in April. Mrs. Lake has decided to make Albany her home. She has become a member of our society and has identified herself with the movement of building a new place dedicated to the cause of Spiritualism and owned by an organization composed of Spiritualists. We can not say too much for this noble and gifted little woman, who seems to have the faculty of presenting spiritual knowledge and truth in a way all can understand. Her utterances are clear and forcible giving many definite ideas of the life which is and is to be. At our last business meeting the old officers were elected for the ensuing year. Mr. J. D. Chism, Sr., President; Mr. W. H. Harris, Vice President; Mrs. Belle Chism, Corresponding Secretary; J. M. Briggs, Financial Secretary; John D. Chism Jr., Treasurer. Mr. J. W. Kenyon is to be with us during February. Mr. Kenyon has been with us before, when his lectures were well received, and we are looking for some of the professor's choicest gems, which may be used in building up the cause of truth.

DR. M. CARL.

Crestview, Tenn.—This is a railroad town, built up the last ten years by people from all the States, many of whom have very inquiring minds to know which is the right, and if some good test medium could come here and give some proofs of our philosophy it would meet with a hearty response from the people, and a good work would be done. I earnestly solicit correspondence of any good test medium who would come here, or is thinking of coming South soon. This place would not be out of the way for anyone coming by Nashville to visit the Florida camp. The name of this town is Crestview, but our postoffice at the station is Crestview, which place I hope some good medium in the light of the truth will see fit to address me. Yours for enlightenment, J. F. RICH.

Omaha, Neb.—Dr. Slade, the world-renowned slate-writer is here and doing a grand work, giving convincing evidence of spirit-return. Gentlemen and ladies most prominent in social as well as business circles are attending his private and public seances, and hundreds of our best thinkers are being convinced through his wonderful independent slate-writing of the fact that when we die we shall live again. Everything in the intellectual world seems radiant with the truth of the hereafter. A finger-board will soon be visible at every test hereafter. The professor goes from here to Lincoln, the capital of our State. I will write you again further results. I remain yours respectfully, E. STONEY.

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Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Led to the Light.

By HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER I.

AN IDYL.

To dream love's first young dream,
With rainbow'd heavens and joy in all the air,
Nor see the coming hell,
Unmerited, of infinite despair.

The old, old story of the New Year; of swelling bud and bursting bloom, and joy in all the air? The New Year that should begin with the Spring-time, and not with the sleet of mid-Winter; which must have thus begun in some ancient day when the year and the life of man was made symbolical of each other.

The south wind, soft, balmy, with the odor of melting snow and awakened flowers; the atmosphere, misty with vapor like a veil over the trees, just blushing with scant emerald robings, tremulous with song of returning birds, full-throated with the expression of awakened love.

What were this beauty and gladness without human hearts to enjoy? What were sunshine or storm, except as heart-stings vibrate to their magic touch?

Such was the background against which sketch a sloping hillside and the bend of a river like a silver mirror, reflecting the drooping willows on its bank, with green rushes and tall sycamores, leafless, yet with trunks and branches white as marble, ghostly trees, even when clad in their broad leaves. In the path leading to a rude landing, where boats were moored, in the centre of this beautiful picture place a youth and maiden, slowly walking down the hillside to the river, and the scene is completed. Who are they? The reader will know of them in this history and the vicissitudes the future with its unfathomed mysteries holds in its keeping.

The brightest day often ends in the darkest evening, and happiness is evanescent as the poppies' bloom. From ancient days the impression came that smiling Fortune was followed by the envious furies, and a famous king once sought to avert their wrath by self-sacrifice in his flood-tide of pleasure, casting into the sea a precious ring. When the fishermen returned his offering, he became conscious that the decrees of Fate could not be averted by mortal hands. We are certain only of the certainty of change; that to-morrow will not be like to-day and lay our plans with our utmost cunning, build our hopes on the surest foundations, and the future will show how weak we are in the struggle against the unrecognized influences that arise. That bright afternoon Sherwood Canning had called for Stella Stanwick for a boat-ride on the river. They were classmates at the academy, warm friends, and it was whispered by the tongue of gossip, would be united with closer ties were it not for diversity of opinions and belief. Miss Stanwick was a daughter of a professor of theology in the most conservative orthodox college, and had been trained in the ways of the Church from infancy. She was the life of the circle in which she moved, and looked forward to the sphere for which her father intended her, the wife of a missionary. She fancied her prince would come as a saintly minister with the zeal of an apostle to carry the gospel to heathen lands, and she would go as a helper, sacrificing herself to the glorious cause. She had been taught this as her duty until it had shadowed her life, and reflected itself as a saintly halo in her smiling face.

Sherwood Canning was the only son of one who from earliest youth had been a skeptic and boldly expressed his opinions. He had been successful in business and wielded a strong influence in the community, because of his integrity of character, public spirit, and generous charities. He was pointed to by those outside the Church as an example of morality independent of religion, and contrasted with Church-members in the conduct of his life. Sherwood had received a liberal education, and so little had theology or religious matters been brought to his attention that he gave them no thought. The live questions of the present absorbed his mind to the exclusion of speculation and dogmatism.

It will be thus apparent that Miss Stanwick and Sherwood Canning had been trained in widely different paths, and met from almost opposite directions. The difference gave freshness and zest, and was so great that it presented an intangible barrier, which they tacitly accepted. From this understanding their intercourse was more free than it otherwise would have been, and under its guise their affections for each other grew as neither would have willingly admitted.

She was tall and graceful as an Easter lily, with wavy brown hair falling low over her forehead, and eyes shadowed as by a misty veil, which concealed their depths; dreamy eyes with a tender-inexpressible devotion.

Her companion was noticeably taller, with broad shoulders and a graceful manner, born of conscious physical and intellectual strength. His lips were feminine in their delicate outline, contrasting with the self-reliant calmness of his dark-gray eyes. Every line of his face indicated a life of thoughtful study and the balance of mind thus acquired. Thought as a sculptor with sharpest chisel that graves the countenance into the model of the soul.

"I am well pleased," he exclaimed, "that the day is propitious. We could not have a more perfect afternoon."

"Truly lovely," was the reply, "and, I may add, after our disappointment of yesterday we deserve it."

"No one ought to be disturbed by April weather," though I confess I am glad to hear you say you were disappointed because of yesterday's rain."

"Ah!"

"That you cared enough about going to be disappointed."

"Why should I not care? I am passionately fond of boating, and it has been a dreary winter since I was even down to the water."

They came to a sheltered nook where the cationias had pushed back the crisp brown leaves and opened their delicate pink petals, and the slender stemmed purple hyacinths arose from the moss. He stooped and began gathering them, and she followed his example.

"Now sit you down on this old daddock, while I braid a wreath for the Queen of April."

She sat in silence while he braided the slender stems, and flushed as delicately as the flowers when he placed it on her head.

"Indeed, you are a beautiful queen!" he exclaimed, his earnestness proving that he did not flatter. "Had some of the old masters met such a model we might have had saints that the skeptic even would gladly worship."

"It strikes me," replied Miss Stanwick seriously, "that you have taken a strange mood. I expected to hear you lecture on some of your prosy scientific matter or attack my faith in time honored beliefs."

"You jest, Miss Stanwick. I am not inclined to present my personality. I respect your belief and you too much to oppose either. Little is gained by discussion."

"Nothing except to make us disagreeable to each other." They had reached the rude landing. "Careful now!" he admonished as he handed her into the boat and seated her in the stern. He took the oars, and with a long, steady stroke the shell flew over the surface.

"Where shall we go?" he asked.

"Anywhere you please."

"Anywhere, anywhere out of the world," he repeated.

"We will then go down the river. Do you remember last Autumn, when the trees were flaming in gold and scarlet, our row, just like this, after water-lilies?"

"Why do you ask? Could I forget in one brief winter?"

"And you told me that you had a great object in life; to carry light to heathen lands. I was heartless then in my reply."

"No; you were not. You said the intent was noble, but the object was not worth the sacrifice."

"You remember, and that was heartless."

"It was right from your point of view."

"But not from yours."

"I thought it a duty, and duty goes before pleasure."

There had been a change in her mind, but he dared not press the subject farther. He rowed in silence. The fleecy clouds drifted in the sky and were reflected in the water. They broke in wondrous forms, which fancy readily fashioned into angels and fantastic animals.

"See that angel with wings wide extended," she exclaimed, "and yonder is a dragon."

"Even the sky is for our amusement," he replied as he ceased rowing.

"Let us drift where we may and enjoy the hours. Should you enter on the field of labor you have in view, we would drift wide asunder, as the hemispheres of the earth. That may come to us that has to many before us. Should it come, and other stars make bright your heaven, remember that here is one who is, and always will be, your friend."

She was silent. The southern breeze drifted, and the tiny waves rippled against the boat. He vainly sought to penetrate the far-away look in her eyes. Failing to do this, he said merrily: "I will not say a penny for your thoughts, for it would be vain. How many pennies for a song, such as you sang when we were here before."

"Oh, not the old song! A new song will I sing if it pleases you."

"A new song be it, with the tender grace of the old one, mellowed by the year as wine ripened by age."

She had taken off her wide-brimmed hat, and her hair had been blown into a tangled halo around her face. She turned and gazed far over the hills with an expression of abandoned loneliness. Recovering herself after a long pause, during which he continued to gaze on her mobile face as a devotee would on a saint's, she began in low, dreamy tones her promised song:

Always your friend—I can not tell how precious
Those three words are to me;
The world and everything therein seem rocking
In mutability.

Always your friend—I did mistake thy meaning;
Thou surely mov'st along
To where the whiter flowers of peace and wisdom
Ebbs with love's sweet song.

Thou only breathe a sweet, prophetic promise
That I may keep in sight,
And travel with thee towards the hills of knowledge,
Whose peaks are bathed in light.

May climb within the reach of voice and hand-clasp,
And with thee faint and rest—
Sometimes with bleeding feet and rocky pillow,
But sometimes against thy breast.

And that is more in keeping with God's wisdom,
Who made this changing world;
'Twere strange, indeed, if in the growth about them
Souls lived with pinions furled.

Therefore I know if I am thine in friendship,
At thou hast promised me,
I must forever change by endless effort
Towards white divinity.

As she finished, the tears, called out by her responsive sympathy, glistened in her eyes, and she sought by a merry laughter to conceal them.

"Did you ever hear the legend of that cliff?" asked her attendant, pointing to a perpendicular escarpment, made by the cutting of the river, a hundred feet or more in height.

"I was not aware this prosaic stream had a legend; will you not relate it?"

"A great many, many years ago when the red man dwelt undisturbed here on the banks of this favorite river, and his canoe cast its shadows in the water as ours' now is doing, there came a famine. The scant supplies failed, and the hunters returned, like Hiawatha, empty-handed. The medicine-men met in council and declared the great spirit offended, and that he demanded a sacrifice no less than the fairest maiden of the tribe. That meant the chief's daughter, and all eyes were turned on her. Would she sacrifice herself for the salvation of her tribe? When the blood of the maple should be stained by the March sun, it had been fixed that she should wed the most famous hunter of her tribe. She had already embroidered, with the quills of the porcupine, skirts and jacket. She would be royally arrayed, and her father had given her furs from fierce animals, the wolf, bear, and the panther, such as no other maiden could boast of. She heard the words of the medicine-man, and retired to her father's wigwam; arrayed herself in her best garments and, singing low the death song, ran to the top of this cliff and cast herself headlong into the water."

"Did they save her?"

"Why should they? Her death was desired. It would bring fish into the stream, deer into the forest."

"That lover of hers! Surely, your story is not complete unless he plunged in after her."

"He did not, at least it is not so related, nothing, in fact, is said of him. Probably he found another bride and forgot his first love. That is the usual mode."

"You forgot to give the name of this girl who ought to be sainted?"

"I did not forget, for it is lost like that of ten thousand other names, belonging to heroes and heroines. She ought to have a monument on the brow of the cliff."

"What good to monument the dead?"

"She was a savior, and can you say that, having given all she had for her tribe, she is not as worthy as the Jesus you hold in such reverence, who did no more?"

"Christ was more than man, and his sacrifice was greater. As God is greater than man," replied Miss Stanwick, hesitatingly.

"If we idealize the Christ-principle, resolving it into self sacrifice, doing all for others, into the subjection of selfishness to love, then the world is full of saviors, and the bright deeds of history are theirs. You yourself are seeking to become one."

"You make light of a sacred subject," she replied, reprovingly.

"By no means, I draw a true parallel, and exalt your purpose. Yet," he continued, hesitatingly, "I ask you, I have no right, it is true, to do so, are you still determined to enter the missionary field?"

"What should affect me otherwise?"

"I know of nothing that should, yet I hoped you had at times doubted if you were called."

"I will be frank with you, I have doubted. I have thought at times I was tempted like the Savior."

Canning took heart at this innocent confession.

"To what country would you go?" he asked.

"To Africa, for the people are there most in need."

"And be burned to death in a year with fever! Your life is worth a thousand Africans, even after you have them converted! Why not turn your attention to the heathen at home. There would be less risk of life, equal honor, and more valuable gain."

"At home?" surprised.

"At home." His tone became serious. "I am in every sense of the word a heathen; convert me."

"I have often thought how valuable such a conversion would be for the Church and for yourself, but I dared not dwell on it. How might I convert you?" She looked into his eyes with that far-away, wistful expression which so often had perplexed him.

He took her hand and said in suppressed voice:

"Why should we misunderstand each other? Do you see the roof above the fringe of trees on that hill top? As you know it is mine. If I say to you that your opinions will be held as sacred as I have held them, and your going and coming as free as now, will you call that home yours?"

With a woman's intuition she had expected some declaration, which she would guard against, but the announcement had been led up to unconsciously to both, and she was unable to reply.

"The believing wife shall save the unbelieving husband," he continued. "It is not a matter of to-day with us. We know each other better than may fail to our lot to know any other. I do not seek to overbear your inclinations by persuasive words, yet were you to say yes, my cup of life would overflow."

She placed her other hand in his, looked up with eyes no longer veiled, and said in tremulous voice, "Yes."

Almost with the saying there was a crash of thunder in the west. Black clouds, swiftly scurrying, arose above the hills, and the sigh of winds was like a shiver of pain from the trees. Strong arms were useful, and before the April clouds brought the weeping rain, they were in safety.

CHAPTER II.

FORDHAM.

Fordham, the scene of this historical sketch, was located on the high banks of a river, while a few miles below entered one of the great northern lakes. Its citizens were from New England and copied closely the style of architecture of a factory village. It had had a career, for when the forest primeval shaded its streets and there was scarcely a break in the "continuity of shade" for hundreds of miles, the "boomer" came, surveyed streets, avenues, and lots, and made a plot of the "city" which resembled a map of a great metropolis. Lots were sold by the foot for more than would have purchased a square mile of forest adjoining the corporation. Warehouses and stores were erected and fine residences, magnificent compared with the log cabins of the early settlers. Fortunes were made by those who sold, and the bubble burst, leaving those who had purchased stranded and obliged to remain and grow up with the town. That was a slow process. They had to learn the lesson so many others have been forced to receive, that commercial centres grow, and can not be created to order. There was no demand for a town where Fordham was located, until made by the occupation of the country around it. While awaiting this development the city lots were allowed to be a part of the common, overrun with weeds, where the village cows pastured the scant grass. The buildings grew dilapidated, and grass grew in the streets. The town was saved from utter ruin by the boomers getting the county-seat there and the public buildings erected before the collapse. It was a most undesirable place for that purpose, but the expense of new buildings prevented the removal to a more central town. The court-house was the centre of a clique of officers who thought they owned the county, and its stately dome was the pride of Fordham. The pride of Fordham was an inestimable article, for its citizens never forgot the booming age of its glory, how its corn-fields and potato-patches sold per foot for more than now per acre. Their present solid growth was dress to the brilliancy of the "city."

There were two churches with strict lines drawn between them. Even the Sunday schools were distinct, for a union school was abhorrent. Either church would have held the usual congregations of both and room to spare. Had individual support been given to one of these churches, it would have been maintained in excellent style, but there were points of doctrine which came in the way; on which either church argued that salvation depended. To one uninterested these did not appear important, more than if the katy-dids began their monotonous song last year with a "did" or a "didn't," but to one reared in a Methodist or Congregationalist home; taught in a Sunday school, who had year after year listened to doctrinal sermons, a shade of belief of importance in the ratio of the slightness of its variation. Fordham had two weak churches instead of one strong one, and a third edifice had reached the laying of the foundations to satisfy a smaller faction who were not quite satisfied with baptism, unless by emersion. When the stone foundation was half finished the masons struck for their pay, which they did not get from the empty treasury, and the enclosure of that church "underpinning" year after year was a hot-bed for rank weeds which flaunted their downy heads and red berries, after the fashion of the rank dogmas which would have been taught there had money been as plentiful as zeal.

The two churches would have lived at a dying rate had not competition came in and proved itself the life of churches as well as of trade.

The Congregational Church was one of the oldest landmarks, and its erection by the early pioneers must have cost a great sacrifice. It was of brick with a lofty steeple supporting a dome above which, on a spire, was a gilded globe. The bell was the pride of the town, for its soft, deep tones were heard for many a mile on Sunday mornings.

The Methodist Church was less pretentious, and both were becoming decidedly unkempt, for the members had all their spare means taken for the support of the preachers. The Methodist sisters became ashamed of the shabby appearance of their edifice, and by a series of dime socials, procured the means to paint it like a whitened sepulchre. They gave an oyster supper and were able to procure a desk, ornamental Bible, and carpet for the platform. This aroused the Congregational sisters, and they held a fair, and by the enticements of a grab-bag, fish-pond, and booths, where attractive salesmen sold nothings for exorbitant prices, they were able not only to re-paint but to paper wall and ceiling, and carpet the isles with a rug so soft that the footfall of the tardy sinner made no disturbing sound.

Adjoining the Congregational Church was the parsonage, a plain unpretentious building, with porch in front and green blinds. Either side the walk were shrubs and flowers, well cared for, and on the porch were foliage, plants, and tea roses, all showing the care of one loving flowerer. If flowers symbolized love, they fed upon it, and their successful growth depends on the love with which they are cared for. Trained over one corner of the porch was a clematis, its slender branches trailing and drooping, purple with leafy bloom, and on the other a honeysuckle filled the air with fragrance.

This was the house of the Rev. James Arling, where four years before, in answer to a call from the Church, he had come with his young wife to work in the fields of the Lord ripe for the harvest. He was a man of fine physique, but slenderly formed and delicately moulded. His features were clear-cut, with straight, prominent nose, a clear eye, and broad forehead. He emphatically was an adopted child of the Church. It had taken him when penniless, educated and passed him through a theological school. All he was he owed to her. He had imbibed religion with his study of the Bible and of creeds. It was to him like the study of Greek or of Euclid. He accepted on authority and did not pause to question. There was no time to doubt, and the atmosphere of the college suppressed individuality. The professors talked only of the past. Old books were studied and taken as authority, and opinions, not in conformity thereto, were set down as heretical. Scientific schools offer prizes for new ideas, for research, and discovery. Theological schools give their prizes to the students who have the greatest capacity for swallowing antique dust. Mr. Arling was a favorite with the faculty, and was first in the ranks of the graduates for his piety, attainments, and ability as a preacher.

When Fordham sent a call for a minister, the faculty gave the preference to Arling with highest commendations. When he had become established he married the daughter of the professor of theology, a lovely girl who was possessed of a fervent spiritual nature. She was a perfect blonde, inherited from Germanic ancestors, with eyes blue as violets, and hair of flossy gold. Her mother named her Asphodel, and the name of the flower said to grow on the borders of paradise seemed not incongruous when thus applied.

To them married life had been a dream of joy. There had been the usual difficulties pastors meet with in adjustment to their Churches, and at times the sisters had sought to throw greater responsibilities on her than she felt able to bear, but on the whole the tide had set evenly and borne them in pleasant places. Mr. Arling was popular. He was eloquent, because of his earnestness and devotion. The attendance was rapidly increasing. Those who rarely before attended came, and the hangers-on at the Methodist Church were drawn away. That Fordham never before had such a minister was admitted at the sewing society by the old crones who always found fault instead of praising, and the sage frequenters at the groceries and post-office affirmed reluctantly that it was worth the effort to attend. Usually it was added that he was too good to stay in the town and that he would soon be called to the city. It may be here remarked that preceding the coming of Mr. Arling, Fordham had had the usual experience of a church with empty pulpit. The deacons wrote to the theological college for supply, and Sunday after Sunday the fledgling theologians came and tried their wings. It was fine practice for them but severe on the Church. Had it not been so pitiful it would have been laughable. The theologians as such, as no ideas later than the Church fathers and John Calvin, of the grand flood of thought furnished by science, he knows nothing. He has been crammed but has not digested. In fact he has been on material utterly indigestible. All he can do or is expected to do, or allowed, is to repeat what he has learned, and the trouble is he has not learned anything that will stand the light of investigation, for the more one knows of theology the less he is certain of. Mr. Arling was more than a theologian, and his audience at once appreciated the difference. He had a fresh individuality which asserted itself in defiance of the dry forms of belief. There was a warmth and glow in his language, and the people went away renewed and strengthened, they knew not how or why.

It was Sunday evening after the long day's task was finished that Mr. Arling sat in an easy chair in his parlor resting from his labor. The room was tastefully but not elegantly furnished. Skillful hands had draped the cheap curtains and the artistic eye had adjusted the colors of paper, carpet, and furniture. The paintings on the wall declared the work of an amateur, yet one with more than common talent. It was Spring-time, and the soft air came laden with the sweet breath of orchards, of bloom, and budding leaf, through the open windows. On the centre table were a few books, gifts of friends, above it hung a lamp, its cut pendants breaking the light in rainbow glints. Mr. Arling had thrown off his clerical coat, and put on a light dressing gown, Mrs. Arling sat near, holding a child of two years in her lap. A beautiful child with her mother's face and her father's eyes.

"The Sunday service presses hard on you, James," said the wife in a sweetly modulated voice.

"Very, I break the commandment every Sunday. I deprecate work on that day and preach vehemently against its sinfulness, and then make it a task day for myself."

"The Church makes large demands on us both, and I sometimes feel disheartened, for they are never satisfied."

"Oh, my Asphodel," he said, laughing, "you are too good to bloom this side of paradise. The winds are too rude here, and those that blow off the plains of the Church bring a chill even to me at times. By the way, how fare you as president of the Benevolent Society?"

"I wish you would speak about it at the next Church meeting and have one more competent given the place."

"Too much honor for my Asphodel! I fear there is no one else who is as successful a beggar as you—a poor compliment. Aye, it is, so let us give business the go-by. I'll speak about it, and those who are anxious may have the work. She is awake. I must take her and kiss her. Come, baby mine! Come to papa."

The baby reached out her chubby arms in delight for she knew that it was the signal for a ride on her father's arms. She bubbled over with mirth and enjoyment, caught her dimpled hands in his hair and called him to stop at the door or window that she might look out on the shadowy landscape,

above which the full moon hung like a great lantern, flooding the world with mellow light.

"See dare!" exclaimed the little pet, "give it me!" she cried, extending to the utmost her arms as though she would grasp it.

"You are a greedy baby," laughingly said her mother.

"You can not have it, Flo, for we can not reach it!"

"Yes, yes, I must have it!"

Her father turned away, kissing her, to call her attention, and said: "We are all alike. We want the unattainable, and make prayer a desecration and a mockery by asking God for favors impossible to grant."

There were steps on the walk, and the pretty scene was disturbed by the presence at the door of Deacon Lane.

After the usual formalities, the conversation came to a pause, and we have time to observe the new personality. Deacon Lane was heavy in build, his round, bushy head set on a short, thick neck, gave him a bovine aspect, a similarity farther maintained by his deep, husky voice. He was an early pioneer, having emigrated from the Nutmeg State into the wilderness when a young man, and his strength had been tested in the struggle of subduing the wild and resisting the insidious forms of disease. Deacon Lane in worldly affairs had made a great advance from the youth, who, fifty years before, came to Fordham, walking the 800 miles from his native town, but mentally he had not taken a step, as he had been taught in his childhood so he remained, and the "New England Primer" was his creed. He was as bigoted and intolerant on temperance as on religion, a prohibitionist who voted that ticket, although the only man in the nation doing so. Those who did not advocate prohibition were dishonest and inclined to immorality.

The pause in the conversation was becoming painful, for even the obtuse mind of the deacon saw faintly the intrusion of his mission. At length he broke out: "I came in, Parson Arling, on a rather delicate errand. We have been talking over your morning sermon, and it seems to us older members that you are not keeping squarely in the true road."

"In what respect?" asked the amazed minister.

"You are not doctrinal enough. You see, your preaching is all fair-weather preaching. I've been listening now night on four years, I haven't heard a word from you about eternal damnation, you have not mentioned the devil any more than if he did not exist."

"That may be true," replied Mr. Arling, scarcely knowing whether to be amused or warned of coming trouble. "I have preached the gospel of love as taught by Jesus Christ, and endeavored to get as much light and joy out of the Word as possible, for there is always darkness, and grief will come."

"That is just it. You are for fair weather. You drift toward heaven, and you ought to sail over hell. There is too much love in the world. You ought to hold up the avenging power of Jehovah! You apologize for sin, while He smites remorselessly. What we want is for you to preach like ministers used to. We have got our church fixed up too fine, with a furnace to warm the air, and cushioned seats! What would the ministers have said in a New England church, where a fire was regarded as ungodly, though the winds whistled down below zero? They knew how to preach, and rolled out the fire of damnation of the wicked to warm their hearers, and make the hard benches easy to bear."

"The times have changed, and other forms of speech are more pleasing," softly interrupted Mr. Arling.

"Changed!" The exclamation was a snort of contempt! "Changed! Yes, and there is little good in the preaching. Why don't you paint the fires of eternal wrath, and show how Satan stalks up and down the earth, and drive souls into the Church? Do you believe in a devil at all?"

This was a question Mr. Arling preferred not to answer.

He was in common with the professors who taught him, had doubts, and quietly escaped the issue by leaving the old beliefs on the shelf. Now to be asked pointedly, and to have his position perhaps endangered by his answer, was an unexpected situation. He looked appealingly to his wife, as most men do in critical situations. When he set down as weaker in body and mind, yet man in greatest stress appeals to her quick judgment, and not in vain.

"The apostles, Deacon Lane," responded Asphodel gently, "were not commanded to preach the devil, but Christ and Him crucified, so my husband is justified, is he not?"

To Deacon Lane a Bible text was authority from which there was no appeal, except to a counter-text, and such a text for the moment he could not recall. He had suddenly run on a rock, and his argument was wrecked. Gathering himself up he said:

"It is not after the old way, and religion is religion and can not change. There has been a good deal said about your sermons. You make religion too easy a matter and let sinners ride to glory unscathed. And then there is another thing. When have you preached against intemperance? There are several saloons in this town and well patronized. It is your duty as Gospel minister to preach a crusade against them, preach until fire and brimstone is rained down from heaven on them. You ought to take an active part with the Prohibition Party."

Mr. Arling was relieved from his embarrassing position by an unexpected arrival.

As the deacon paused, a shuffling step was heard, and without ceremony a man entered. He might have been young or old; his face, in its flabby wrinkles, was of age; his long, black, tangled hair was of youth. His step was unsteady, reeling, of a drunken man. With a leer in his eyes he glanced around the room and furtively at the deacon, who became ill at ease the moment he appeared.

"Be seated, Waldro," said Mr. Arling kindly. "You are out late to-night."

"Yas."

"What are you here for?" asked the deacon sternly.

"Biz—niz," was the slow response.

"Your son is in better health, is he not?" asked Asphodel. His son! No word stung Deacon Lane like that. It was a shame to have such a son. In his heart he had wished him dead countless times.

"My son is in good health," he replied mechanically. "Providence has dealt hard by me. My only son! Why was I called to bear such an inflection?"

Providence! It was a mystery! That son was thirty years of age. Two years before his birth the deacon was led astray by some friends and became for several years a hard drinker. Whiskey was cheap and abundant, and he had a barrel of it in his cellar. Had he drunk at a saloon he would have been in the gutter half his time. Drinking at home he could conceal himself. During this period Waldro was born. If babies have rights to a healthy constitution and mental endowments, he was bereft of them, for he came into the world a sot. He was five years old before he could walk, and then reeled like a drunken man. With tears his mother sought to teach him to speak, and each word cost her hours of effort. His disposition was uncertain and changeable. He was usually affectionate; but when the most gentle he would be instantly seized with brutal desires, strike, scratch, or bite his nearest friends, and shriek like a wild animal. His appetite for intoxicating liquors was so intense that he had to be carefully guarded, and even then at times by the most crafty cunning he would obtain drink and become intoxicated. His father suffered through his pride, his mother through her love, which made her son dear to her in the ratio of his unfortunate condition.

Providence The deacon was absolutely ignorant of the

laws and conditions which control pre-natal life. He might have read that the children's teeth were set on edge by the parents eating sour grapes, but he received that in a moral sense. The sinful body was an accident not worth caring for. His only reading had been a chapter from the Bible every morning, and that was more worshipful than instructive. Children are from God, and we must take as many and of such character as He chooses to give us his belief, and hence he was constantly asking himself: Why God inflicted such a son on him. That Biblical doctrine has made man less thoughtful of the rearing of children than of horses and cattle. It is a thought of to-day that the conditions preceding birth make the child what it is, and not the intervention of God. It is a thought of to-day that giving existence to a child, both on the part of the father and mother, bears with it responsibilities infinite as the possibilities of the life of that child compasses, and if there be failure, moral deformity, mental imbecility, or physical wreck, the parents directly or by inherited taint are responsible.

Less Bible and more knowledge would have solved the mystery in the deacon's mind. He had his own. He had duplicated himself at his worst, when he ought to have transmitted his best. He had inflicted an inexpressible wrong on the mother and blasted the life of his son; blighted his earthly life and darkened it into the fathomless future—an infinite wrong.

It is a relief to have Providence as a scape-goat for ignorance and its resulting crimes. It is a severe trial to walk out of the easy path where Providence and a Redeemer atones, and meet the stern responsibility for all actions.

"Baby!" exclaimed Waldro, arising and reaching out his arms.

"Do not let him touch it, or he will dash it down," excitedly cried the deacon.

The mother instinctively drew aside, but baby Flo put up her arms and called out: "Take me!"

Waldro turned to his father: "There is—is a—fire," and then he fell limply into a chair.

"You are drunk again!" exclaimed the deacon indignantly. Where did you get liquor? Who dared give it to you?"

"Helped myself at Brown's. He'll not kick me again for it. I've set him afire." He spoke as one unconscious that he was confessing to a crime, and with a satisfied leer on his face.

"You set him afire?"

"I said. Carried a beer-bottle of coal oil from home, poured it over the floor in the back room, and whiz—she went! Ha, ha!" he laughed.

Before the surprise conveyed by his words found expression, the tones of the church bell, the deep, resonant bell, rang sharply its wail, almost articulating the cry of "fire, fire, fire."

The little group sprang to the window and saw a red tongue of flame shooting up from a disreputable saloon at the end of a block of stores. There were wild cries on the street, hurrying feet, and every citizen able to give assistance was soon present. The fire company, that had paraded the streets with applause, brought out its engine to find the hose too short to reach the water supply. When this was remedied the valves were rusted and the pump failed. That is the way of village fire-engines. They throw water over the tallest trees and deluge the streets on exhibition, but when there is a fire they are weak in the joints, have congestion of the valves, a constitutional break-down, and the bucket brigade is the last resort. The saloon wherein old Brown had stood behind the bar for a score of years and grown ponderous, burned like a mass of straw. The wind blew strongly and the stores were quickly ablaze, and burned without hindrance.

Across the street were several saloons, which had for a generation dealt out infamy and ruin to all who came. The Churches had united in prayers to have them removed, and the crusading women had knelt before them for days in supplication. There was not a member who did not pray then and there that the wind might throw a burning brand across and wipe out with flame the plague-spot of the town.

There was beyond the saloons an area covered with old rook-cries used for livery stables and storage. The sparks fell thick and fast over the roofs, but neither saloons nor stables caught fire. Beyond the stables was a wide common of deserted land, and on the farther side the Congregational Church. The fire had burned low, there was no more danger, and the crowd began to disperse. Then it was that some one saw a spark glowing like a star on the ball over the Church dome. It flickered, disappeared, and, as the wind increased, brightened into a flame. The old sexton saw it, and again the bell vibrated on the air, this time articulating like a human voice "help! help!" It was its last call, for it would never again send out its wealth of sound on the mellow air of Summer or frosty breath of Winter, calling the worshippers to the hallowed aisles below. The ball was far out of reach, and the people were compelled to stand idly by and see it burn. The glowing coals fell on the dome and roof, and the whole edifice became wrapped in flames.

As Deacon Lane with the leading Church members were standing, sadly watching the destruction of the sacred edifice, Waldro came by with a beer bottle stuffed in each of his coat pockets and a decanter of brandy in each hand. "See, dad," he shouted as he reeled along, "see what I saved at old Brown's." It was a bit of comedy such as Shakespeare throws across the stage of his tragedy. The deacon seized the decanters and bottles, dashing them to pieces. Then taking his son fiercely by the arm, without a word dragged him homeward.

It was said in the village that a bird had been observed to peck into the side of the gilded ball and build its nest, and a spark of fire driven by the wind caught in the nest. There was much comment, and an ungodly skeptic propounded the following question: Who burned the church? Was it the devil who instigated the bird, and if so, why was he allowed by God to destroy a church which the financial ability of its members would not allow them to rebuild? "It was for their chastening," said Deacon Lane. "They had become hard of heart and a stiff-necked generation. God knew what was best for them and laid on the rod."

There was a good deal of grumbling over the deacon's management at the various Church meetings, the smart business men had urged the insurance of the edifice, but the proposition had met with strenuous opposition from the deacon and a few old-timers. He was angry at the mention of insurance.

"It was God's house, not theirs, and he would not allow it to burn unless for the best. To insure it was downright sacrilege, an insult thrown in the face of the Almighty."

A merchant skilled in world-craft hinted that if it burned, and churches did burn, they would have to build another.

"That's true," responded the deacon, "but it would be for our good. Maybe its just what is wanted to awake us to a realizing sense of our duty."

CHAPTER III.

BUILDING THE CHURCH.

The views of the deacon were confirmed, for from a state of apathy into which the members had fallen, finding it difficult to collect the pastor's salary, they aroused to the occasion and were enthused to build an edifice superior to the old one. Pride came in, and under its stimulus and the seductive designs of an ambitious architect, they contracted for a church of the modern order, with a steeple twenty-five feet

higher than the aspiring one which tempted the lightnings above the roof of the Methodist edifice. Why it is that a steeple, a useless appendage, should be made to cost as much as the building it overshadows, is one of the mysteries of religion, which probably goes back into remotest antiquity of Phallic worship for its explanation. The tallest steeple is by no means an index of divine morality, but of self-conscious pride. Having decided on the plan, the members of the committee set themselves to work in earnest to secure the required amount.

The owner of a private bank, who had, through usury and foreclosure of mortgages become wealthy, and because he had wealth a magnet of the town, was first called on to head the list with his promised thousand dollars. He had money and hence power. That is the most despicable feature of wealth. If it was always in the hands of the good and wise, great inequalities in its distribution would be bearable, but it is more often in the hands of swinish idiots. That makes it exasperating. The committee was thorough, and not only Church members were solicited, but the unregenerated goats of the world were duly visited and urged to lend their aid.

Among those who were thus solicited was Mr. Canning, a noted Liberalist, inclined to Agnosticism, who resided on the outskirts of the town, in a plain, substantial dwelling, surrounded by forest-trees, extensive orchards, and farming lands. They found him at home with his son Sherwood, and were invited into his study, a large, airy room with wide windows looking out to the west over the river valley and a wide and pleasing landscape. It was aesthetically furnished, the walls on two sides were cases with books, and on brackets either side of the windows were busts of Darwin, Voltaire, Paine, and Franklin.

Mr. Canning gave them a cordial greeting. He was of commanding presence and frank and fearless manner. He was a student by nature, for the love of knowledge, and a farmer to obtain the necessities of living. Observing that his unusual visitors were embarrassed, he said with heartiness: "You have met with a great loss in the burning of your church, Mr. Arling."

"Assuredly we have an almost irreparable one in the associations which gathered around the old house."

"It is nature's method of cutting us loose from the past. It takes the ground from under our feet and compels us to advance."

It was not policy for the committee to open a discussion, but Deacon Lane would sacrifice his chance for gaining heaven for a debate, and when the fire was referred to nature, he was stirred to the core.

"Nature? I don't know about nature. What I do know is that God cares for his own, and that He ordered the burning, or it would not have been."

"True enough! true enough!" said Deacon Simmons in a thin voice. "You may doubt, but the ways of God are mysterious and past finding out." The speaker was the exact opposite of Lane. He was of the same age, but apparently a score of years older. He was emaciated and bent, his thin, white locks falling over his narrow, pinched forehead. Mr. Arling saw their blunder and came to the rescue.

"Providence has been adverse, and we are doing our utmost to rebuild."

"Are you not flying in the face of that Providence?" asked Mr. Canning with a cheery smile.

"That is a part of it," replied Deacon Lane, "a part of God's inscrutable ways. He chastens those He loves best. We had to have the fire to rouse us out of our apathy."

"And it's done it," said Deacon Simmons. "We have the amount nearly subscribed, and the building will go up by Fall."

"I congratulate you at your success, for really I thought you would have to be content with a small edifice."

Deacon Lane took heart at this concession and said: "We are here to give you an opportunity to assist us, knowing your tolerant charity."

"Yes, my clarity is tolerant, and I believe in every one carrying out his views to the fullest extent. Thus I am glad you are able to rebuild your church, not that I care myself, but it is a pleasure to you. For myself I do not care if there is a church edifice in town or not."

"Do you not think," responded Mr. Arling with feeling, "that a church as a moral institution is a help to the town?"

"I can not endorse that idea," replied Mr. Canning, "for you do not bring morality, but belief to the front. I believe a museum of natural history and a public library, with free lectures on science in all its branches, would not only do more to instruct the people, but contribute more to their morality than a dozen churches."

Mr. Arling was appalled by this bold infidelity. It was a revelation to him. He replied: "I regret pressing this matter on your attention, Mr. Canning. The Lord does not wish for gifts other than from a willing giver."

"Understand me," responded Mr. Canning, "it is not a matter of a few dollars, but it is principle. My whole life has been devoted to overthrowing the doctrines you teach in the church. I believe such doctrines are opposed to the welfare of the community. Hence I can not consistently aid you."

"Your popularity would be increased by a liberal donation; and, as you well know, the great majority of the people are with the Church," said the minister.

"True, and in the beginning, when the apostles began to preach, the majority was on the other. I care nothing for majorities, which, as a rule, are on the side of wrong, nor for popularity, except as it is gained by being true to one's convictions. I already gave you my share of support."

"What!" exclaimed Lane with a snort. "You never gave a dollar in your life."

"I have not?" responded Mr. Canning with a smile. "Will you tell us how much my taxes are, and what would have been the taxes on your church had it been assessed as it ought to have been? You now propose to build a twenty-five thousand dollar church; what would be the taxes on that if it bore its share of the public burden? Now, as it does not, and the vast Church property of this county does not, I have to pay that much more; in other words, I am taxed to support religion, contrary to the Constitution, which declares Church and State distinct. This tax I pay under protest."

"As public educators the churches and schools are exempted," remarked Mr. Arling.

"That is the argument; but you will not for a moment maintain that the churches and schools are instituted for similar purposes. The churches are individual affairs, and even the strongest in number has but a small part of our citizens, while the schools are for the education of the entire public, and are supported by that public."

It was no use to prolong the conversation, and the visitors withdrew.

"I did not know that we had such an infidel in our town," said Deacon Lane. "I'd think the place would be overwhelmed like Sodom and Gomorrah! Worse than Paine, I declare!"

Deacon Simmons' thin voice added: "We've fallen on evil days when sinners can thus flaunt their sins in the face of the elect!"

As for Arling, he was silent. He respected the honest frankness he had met, and was surprised at the boldness of the man whom he had heard spoken of with a sneer as a disbeliever. He felt humiliated by the character of his visit, for his mind was not so warped by prejudice that he could not see that even doubters had rights which politeness should respect, and there was no justice in asking a man to support a cause to which he was opposed. The edifice was begun and

Mr. Arling continued the work of increasing the subscription. After the first flash of enthusiasm it was a difficult task. Not a subscriber but regretted having given more than he found ability to pay. He humiliated himself by preaching begging sermons every Sunday. He rang changes on the precept it is more blessed to give than receive. The people were urged to lay their offerings even of mites on the altar of the Lord. The sisters held fairs and socials for special purposes, and the fragments of the old bell were gathered up to be recast.

Mr. Arling developed a fine executive ability, and the management fell into his hands. Slowly the walls arose; the spire made a beautiful picture above the swaying maples, the bell resounded to the pull of the sexton, not, however, with the deep, mellow tones of old. The interior was completed with frescoed ceiling, cushioned pews, and soft carpets. The light fell through stained glass windows, several of which were contributed by wealthy members as memorials of departed friends or family pride. The poorer members were constantly reminded thereby of the value of earthly possessions, for the names conspicuously cut in the crystal panes were not those renowned for good works of love and charity, but such as had by trade, more or less honorable, gained a goodly share of worldly lucre.

Then came the sale of pews, and they found the same distinction, for the best fell to the wealthy, and the poorest had the last choice or none at all. A Church teaching divine brotherhood, and then drawing a line between the rich and the poor, not between good and evil, forgetting the words of the Master and example of Lazarus.

The church was completed and dedicated with great flourish to the service of God. It was believed that he resided in fuller measure there than anywhere else. If he did, he was under mechanic's lien and impending mortgage, for there was a cloud which overcast all this brightness. Ten thousand dollars remained unpaid, and strange to say, well it always has to be said, strange and anomalous as it appears, the remainder of every such debt is payable to the hard-working mechanic and roustabout laborer. There was some security by law, and these laborers pooling this issue, held the edifice for security, with whatever God there was concealed within its doors.

A church debt, if not too large, is valuable as giving the church some object to work for, and like persecution, consolidates and harmonizes the organization. It also enhances the office of pastor, and if he is successful, the building of a grand church gives him local fame, and is equivalent to a life possession. But if the debt be beyond the means of the membership, it is a veritable old man of the sea, and crushes the bearer.

The November days had come after a Summer's labor that had called out the utmost energies of the pastor. He had preached Sundays in a hall fitted up for the service, attended the Sunday-school, and had been the acknowledged head of the building committee. He had been out the entire afternoon fruitlessly attempting to negotiate a loan to relieve the church. He keenly felt the reflection cast by the debt on the honesty of the members and his management. He had from the first advocated a building within their means, but large subscriptions by a few had turned the heads of the committee men, and the debt represented exactly the difference between his views and theirs.

With heavy feet he wended his way homeward. Harsh clouds gathered in the west, dashed with red, and snow-flakes were borne on the gusty air. From far above, out of the very depths of the air, came the wailing calls of a flock of wild geese, dimly seen, with measured wing, swift, passing southward.

"Like human souls," said Mr. Arling, "translated from the cold and dying earth to the warmth of heaven; unlike the human soul, inasmuch as you wild birds can retreat to pleasant climes when the misty blasts discomfort you, but we must bide the burdens of fate and struggle on till death."

He reached his always pleasant home, and for a time forgot his disappointment in the bright presence of wife and child. At the supper, the presence of sister Stella gave an added pleasure, and her smiling face was like sunshine. Trouble must have a strong hold that would not flee from a home like this, and the importance of his cares rapidly vanished from the mind of Mr. Arling, as he watched Asphodel pour the steaming tea, with a grace that always won his heart.

"Have you met with disaster, my dear brother?" asked Stella. "You came home with a weary step and a shadow in your eyes."

"I have forgotten it in the pleasures of this home hour. What was it? Oh, nothing but the old story of the church debt."

"Let the members care for it," said Asphodel. "I do not see why you should take it on your shoulders."

"I have not told you or your quick sympathy would be even more aroused than mine. The wealthy who furnished material were mostly paid, but the workmen are not. I met one of them to-day, and he told me that if he was not paid he did not know how he could keep his wife and six children from starvation. He upraised the Church members who had plenty and abundance and would not pay the debts honestly contracted in their interest. These men have labored all Summer and have not received a tithe of their dues."

"Is it so bad?" cried Asphodel.

"Quite as disheartening, and this workman said that he had been hard pressed all Summer and had borne it because he would have the more when the work was finished. Now he saw destitution and want for his family, instead of the abundance he had earned. How can I stand in the pulpit and proclaim the Gospel of love? My tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth, and I am silent."

"Have you been to the bank?" asked Stella.

"Yes, and met with insulting coldness. The president said he had already given more than he could afford. Aside from the thousand dollars he had given a costly window. 'Now a loan,' said he, 'to a Church is nothing more nor less than a gift. If I had a mortgage on the church and foreclosed it, who would bid a red cent on such a Pat's elephant? Who would want it if the Church did not? All the value there is in it is because there are Church members.'"

"He has business sense more than godliness," said Asphodel with mirth. "What he says is true. What could he do with a church? A church is quite worthless without a congregation, and when such a congregation declines, who ever heard of it being brought to life?"

"My sister is getting to be a scoffer," rejoined Stella. "Now that you have tested the believers, what say you to going to the skeptics?"

"Do you think that they would do for us what we will not do for ourselves?"

"Perhaps," thoughtfully, "I know one who is so deeply moved by the distress of the workmen that he might help you."

"Sherwood Canning! Ah, Stella, you are led astray by the sons of the world," laughingly said Mr. Arling.

There was a ring at the door, and opening it Stella admitted the one who had just been mentioned.

"You are welcome, Mr. Canning," said Mr. Arling, "and let me tell you that your name was just mentioned."

"And I came to prove the old saying, the devil is, etc."

"Quite correct," responded Stella, "we were also talking of the poor workmen and Mr. Arling's vain attempt to assist them."

"No help from old ten per cent." cheerily asked the young man.

"He does not wish further risk!"

"He would take a heavy chance on fifteen and foreclose on the widow's last cow, as I regret to say he has done."

"To the dishonor of the Church I must admit your harsh judgment."

"Well this leads to my errand here to-night," said Mr. Canning brusquely. "Father has learned the condition of the workmen and wishes to assist them. He desires it distinctly understood that it is not from any sympathy with the Church, and is strictly a business matter. He will, if you meet him at the bank to-morrow, pay your debts in full, taking the security you offered the president to day."

Mr. Arling was overpowered by this unexpected good fortune and seized the hand of his guest with an enthusiasm. Asphodel showered complimentary phrases of gratitude, and the silent glances of Stella were more eloquent than speech.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EVANGELIST.

Mr. Arling was preparing the next morning to meet his engagement at the bank. For the first time since the building of the edifice began he felt at rest. He was not a believer in the blessedness of debt; even a national one which could be funded and left as a fair heritage to break the backs of posterity. To him it was dishonorable, especially for a church to appear before the world as a defrauder of labor. He could not hold up his head and look in the face the men who had labored all the Summer on the building without receiving a dollar of pay. When he entered the sacred desk, if he saw any of them among the audience it silenced his best thoughts and if none were present, in fancy he saw their reproving faces, and heard the complaints of their hungry families. He had received a proposition the day before which would take this burden from his shoulders, at least for a time, and allow him to speak bravely of business integrity and Christian honesty without inconsistency.

While in this exalted mood, Deacon Lane and a stranger were announced.

"Good morning, Parson Arling," said the deacon in a muffled bow. "This is Reverend William Howarth, the great Evangelist."

"I am pleased to make your personal acquaintance," responded Mr. Arling. "I have heard often of you and the great work you are doing."

The Reverend Howarth was effusive. He was tall, well proportioned, with the lithe movements of a panther. His face was pale, which made his black eyebrows and mustache appear darker, and his eyes were black, with the glitter of a serpent. To his insinuating manners was added a soft, persuasive voice, well tuned and modulated.

"Allow me, Mr. Howarth," said Arling, "to present my wife and her sister, Miss Stanwick."

The burning glance Mr. Howarth gave the latter as he bowed low and pressed her hand with a warmth, which was a compound of passion glossed with zeal, caused her cheek to crimson. His voice was effusively tender. He had heard of Miss Stanwick at the town in which he had recently been laboring, and of the brilliant success of Brother Arling.

"We've been talking it over," said Deacon Lane, "and concluded it was best to hire Brother Howarth to assist us. Last week he finished his engagement at Barrytown and cleared the Church debt and harvested thirty new converts. This week we can have him begin with us, and see what can be done in the way of converting the heathen, and lifting our debt."

"I find the harvest ripe wherever I go," rejoined Rev. Howarth sanctimoniously.

"Yes, ripe and whitened to dying," responded the deacon. "The harvesters are few, and we have not had a single convert join our Church inside the year."

Mr. Arling felt keenly this thrust. Although he dared not publicly express his views, he despised the evangelical work. He replied:

"I regret not being consulted in this matter. I was just going in search of you and the committee, for I have met a very advantageous offer, and there will be no necessity of pressing the debt on the attention of the people for the present. Mr. Canning offers to take our debt on the easiest terms."

"Is this Canning the notorious Infidel?" asked the Evangelist with scornful accent.

"What has that to do with the business?" returned Arling, irritated by this uncalled-for interference and the sneering tone of the questioner.

"What has it to do? It is a burning shame, an infamous disgrace for the people of God to humble themselves before an Infidel, or accept any favor from one's hands. Let him go to perdition with his money! We will start our revival, and Saturday night will see the debt lifted and every dollar of it in Gospel hands."

"That's the stuff!" cried the deacon, slapping Howarth on the shoulder in rough exuberance. "Let Canning keep his money and go the broad way to destruction with Paine and Voltaire."

"A good Infidel," sneered Howarth, "is like hot ice, and the better they are the more certain of hell-fire."

Miss Stanwick had been a silent listener, and her indignation at the heartless condemnation of Mr. Canning was difficult for her to restrain. She never before realized the gulf between the Church-member and the Infidel. It was impassable, and to bestow affection on an unbeliever was sinful! The doctrine which made such a distinction was revolting to her sensitive and generous nature, and, more than that, it took objective form in her relations to the son of this same despised Infidel. She said:

"Do you think a man like Mr. Canning can not be happy in the next world?"

"Happy? He is already sentenced, and good works piled high as the Rocky Mountains would only emphasize his damnation. He must break the neck of his pride and humbly come to Jesus. There is the only salvation."

How dark the world grew at this terrific denunciation of a heartless doctrine! The world and mankind were at war with God, and the fierce qualities and tenderest affections of the soul were created expressly for laceration! Had a demon planned the world? Was a fiend the ruler of the universe?

"We are anxious to begin the work," continued Howarth. "Hope is not quite dead, and Mr. Canning himself may be the first one called."

Stella shook her head. That calm, thoughtful, and philosophical man, she knew, would never subscribe to such a doctrine.

"Yes," replied the deacon, "we must begin at once. I will noise it around the village, ring the bell, and we'll have a crowd this very night."

"As you say. I am an humble servant in the hands of the Lord."

So was it arranged, and when the bell rang that evening, a large audience assembled, and the next night the house was filled to the aisles.

Howarth was magnetic. He had studied mesmerism, or, as it is now called, hypnotism, and practiced it in a quiet way. He was favored by what may be called the magnetic temperament. As certain fishes, as the torpedo, are equipped with an electric battery, so certain persons have an arrangement of cellular tissue which makes them magnetic batteries, capable

of diffusing an atmosphere of magnetism around themselves. When such a condition is connected with high moral and intellectual powers the possessor is a born leader and capable of mighty achievements for good. When, however, the passions dominate the same power is given them for destruction. Howarth was an adept, and, compared with him, Arling was ice. His sentences swept like streams of electric fire through the hearts of his hearers. It was not his words so much as the magnetic force that gave power and fascinating influence. He pictured the sacrifice of Jesus, dying in awful agony on the cross to save lost souls. For the dreadful suffering, for the wounded hands and feet, for the spear-thrust in his side, for the bitter cup he drank, for his descending from the throne of the Great I Am to wear a crown of thorns, all he asked was that we believe on him! He begged, he entreated, he implored the sinner to come!

Then he fulminated the wrath of God. He pictured the horrors of the bottomless pit, burning forever and forever, and the lost souls with blood like molten lava coursing through their veins, crying vainly for a single drop of water to cool their parched tongues. It was awful in its intensity, and women, appalled, fainted, and strong men shuddered, and children, awed by the indefinable terror in the atmosphere, clung sobbing to their elders. After the sermon a hymn was announced, one of the legions of libels on poetry and the Almighty, perpetrated by that prince of American hymn-makers, Watts. The organ wailed and groaned in a prelude which sounded like the lamentations of souls baptised in the floods of misery. The choir started the hymn and the congregation followed:

And are we wretches yet alive?
And dare we yet rebel?
The boundless, its amazing love,
That bears us up from hell!

The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames,
And threatening vengeance rolls above
To crush our feeble frames.

Almighty goodness cries: "Forbear!"
And straight the thunder stays,
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

Lord, we have long abused Thy love,
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts are blest to see
What rebels have been.

No more, ye lusts, shall ye command;
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, Thy conquering hand
And drive Thy foes away.

When the last note vibrated into silence the evangelist did not appear satisfied with the result, and he gave out another hymn:

Oh, if my soul were formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs?
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord,
Hung on the cruel tree,
And groined away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.

Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my God;
Those sins that pierced and nailed His flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.

Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Savior bleed.

Whilst, with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view
I'll raise revenge against my sins
And slay the murdering crew.

At the close the audience was brought to the required state of mind. The front seats were vacated, and those who desired special aid were invited to come forward. A large number came. They were the most susceptible to hypnotic influence, such as would have been selected by a public exhibitor. They were hypnotized by the preacher, and he made his work sure by going down and taking each by the hand and speaking to them some word of encouragement. Having them together, they formed a battery directed by him, and thus strengthened, he was enabled to influence more difficult subjects, and these again added strength until he had his audience under control. He bade them attend, and they came. He willed them to come forward, and they obeyed. They experienced a strange sensation and were aware of acting without volition, and were informed that these were evidences of the presence of the Holy Ghost and conversion. This pleasing explanation they accepted, gave way to the illusion, and were borne onward with the flood tide of ecstasy. The front pews could not contain the penitents, and all were converted into "anxious seats," in which the occupants might rise and "request prayers." Skepticism might stand abashed before this outpouring of the holy spirit.

Sherwood Canning attended to study the psychical phenomena as a physician would enter a hospital to observe the symptoms of disease. He was educated beyond the influences of the evangelist. And here it may be observed that revivals depend on their success on the ignorance and educational bias of the converted. A child is taught in a Sunday-school, and although when a youth he protests against the Church doctrines, yet, in his inner consciousness he retains the feeling that these doctrines may be right, and the scheme of salvation true. If he is not educated to a full knowledge of the laws of nature and human being, he will be first to yield to the revivalist. On Thursday evening Sherwood had invited Stella Stanwick to accompany him. He felt the influence of the speaker, but knew its origin and meaning and was thus shielded from it. Miss Stanwick was drawn under the magic spell with the others. She resisted, but unconsciously she leaned forward, and here she was chained by the basaltic glance of the preacher. The presence of her escort, in some measure, counteracted the influence and held her back. On the way home she said with a shiver:

"Had you not been with me I should have gone forward. I felt that I had committed some heinous sin, unpardonable except by God's grace."

"Talk of an angel sinning!" exclaimed Canning hotly: "I am exasperated by such folly. If religion be what it claims, this force is blasphemous."

When he reached the porch where so often they had met and parted with sweet words he said: "I must say good-night."

"Good-night! that sounds fearfully ominous," she replied. "I can not shake off a sense of foreboding and of coming disaster."

"Oh, that comes of your experience to-night. It will go away with your sleep."

"Not for this evening, but for days I have felt it stronger and stronger." She placed her hand on his arm and said earnestly, "You must exercise extra care and watchfulness for my sake."

"Anything you desire, my prophesies; but have a care yourself, for really you are in more danger than I. To-morrow evening I will call for you. It is not often we have such an opportunity to observe the psychic forces, and we must improve the occasion. Good-night, and angels care for you."

Reported for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Lecture delivered by REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE, pastor of Unity Church, Boston, at Army and Navy Hall, Cleveland, O., Sunday Evening, January 15, 1893.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—In order to lead up to that which will be of more interest and importance, I wish to consider for a little while some past phases of thought and belief concerning this great theme. We hear now and then certain statements made as to the beliefs, the ideas of primitive man. But as a matter of fact, concerning that far-off time absolutely nothing is known. Primitive man has never been seen, and therefore has never been the object of study. But it is, it seems to me, a very striking fact that so far back as we can go we find, even in the far-off ages, under every sky, in every land, this strange, and if we stop to examine it, startling belief—a belief that seems to me the most audacious that has ever entered into the imagination of man—the belief that death is not the end, that there is something in us capable of overleaping this black and seemingly bottomless gulf, and starting out on a career of endless progress on the other side. The significance, the immense significance of this simple fact I shall wish probably to take note of a little later on; I merely recognize it now and leave it.

When we come to the condition of ancient Egypt, we find there a belief in the other life as real, almost more real, than the belief in this life itself. The young man, by the time or before the time that he is making preparations for his marriage and for entering upon his life career in this world, is beginning also to make prepara-

tions for the life no less real to him out beyond the shadows; and the most ancient religious literature is the Egyptian "Book of the Dead."

When we leave Egypt, however, and come to that part of human history covered by the Old Testament, and dealing with the Hebrews, we are met by what at first seems a very strange departure from this almost universal, this practically universal belief in another life. So far as we can judge by the main part of their literature the Jews had no belief in continued existence; at any rate, if they did have one, it was so shadowy, so unreal, as to have no practical influence on their religious belief or their daily life. All the rewards of the Old Testament, all the punishments threatened in the Old Testament, concern themselves entirely with this world. There is no hell, there is no heaven in the writings of the Old Testament. But curiously enough, there do crop out between the lines here and there indications of a popular belief on this subject, which possibly they borrowed from or shared with their neighbors, whose opinions otherwise they looked upon with so little regard. The story of the calling up of the spirit of Samuel after his death, and similar tales to this, seem to indicate a widespread belief in the popular mind that death after all was not quite the end of individual existence. In the later history of the Jews, just preceding the time of Jesus, we find there has grown up the most intense faith in continued existence, in heaven, in hell, in rewards, in punishments, in angels rising rank on rank from the lower orders to the foot of the throne itself. But we must not fancy, as we read the literature of these far-off times that the word "heaven" or "hell" conveyed any such meaning to the people of that age as we are accustomed to associate with these words to-day. How many people, as they look back and think of the beliefs of those far-off times, ever remember that to the Jews of the time of Jesus there were only two persons from the foundation of the world that had ever gone to heaven, entered the presence of God? These were Enoch and Elijah. All the other dead, though they still continued to live, were inhabitants of Sheol or Hades—a shadowy, underground life whose rewards and punishments both had little reality or power in the way of influence over their daily lives.

Just one side-glance here at the condition of thought among the ancient Greeks or Romans. They believed indeed in continued existence after death, but it was not a belief that had anything of inspiration or power. You will remember doubtless the story of how Ulysses visited Hades, this under-world, and there meets and converses with Achilles, the old Greek hero of the siege of Troy; and Achilles finds so little that touches or appeals to him in this continued existence that he confesses to his old comrade-in-arms that he would rather be a slave and spend his time on earth, under the blue sky, in sight of the sun, and where the real winds of the earth could fan his cheek, than to be, as he says, the king of all the under-world of shades.

You see, then, how little of real force there was in these beliefs in most of the ancient world. As we come to early Christianity we find a great change. Christianity, in my judgment, finds its great secret the secret of its ready acceptance, the secret of its power over the hearts and lives of men, more from this one fact—that it was an apocalypse, a supposed revelation, an unveiling of the other life—than in anything else. As they said, Jesus brought life and light. Coming, as this message did, to those who were losing their old faith and the religions which were dying, those who believed that death meant simply going down to an undesirable world of shadows, this belief that men were to rise from the grave and enter upon a more beautiful existence, this had in it the power to re-create society and renovate the life of the world. This belief, then, in early Christianity was most intense and most vital; and for the first thousand years of Christian history so mighty was the sway of this belief that the people persuaded themselves at any rate that they knew as much, at least as much, about the other world as they knew about this. They didn't know a great deal about this world, but they believed that they did know accurately about that. They had it mapped out in all its details. Read Dante, read the great writers of the middle period in the history of the world, and see how they described what we may call the geography of the other world, both of heaven and hell, purgatory and paradise. They thought that they knew it all; there was no doubt, there was no question then concerning this matter of continued existence.

But there came another period in the history of human thought that we are accustomed to speak of as the Renaissance. And what was the Renaissance? It was, so to speak, the re-discovery of this world. There had been an excess of other-worldliness. This life had seemed to people vain, poor, and unworthy, and the true ideal of the saint was one who denied all earthly appetites and desires, who crucified and beat down the body, who went off in a monastery or the wilderness and lived as far as possible away from this world and all its interests and passions. But the Renaissance came, and men waked up to the idea that after all, whatever might be true of the other, this world was sweet and fair, the sky was blue, it was pleasant to look upon the sun. They grew to recognize human beauty. There was a re-discovery of the old literature of the Greeks and Romans; and so there came a re-discovery of the meaning, the significance, the power, the glory of this world. They had been singing about "reading their titles clear to mansions in the skies" for centuries, but now came the question as to whether after all they had any titles clear to any mansions in the skies. When with the birth of the spirit of modern science people began to ask questions and demand proof, the title-deeds to those mansions in the skies were not forthcoming, and so doubt entered into the human mind, and depression into the heart. In order to understand the scientific spirit, which we only partially comprehend, you must remember that in the ancient world there was no possibility of natural science. There was no knowledge of any natural order; there was no standard of probability. Anything in those days might happen. If some one came and reported that a miracle had occurred in the next town there was no probability that the statement could be questioned. But along with the Renaissance there was born the spirit of investigation, out of which has come modern science, and it has been growing ever since. People have been asking questions. It is not, as it is sometimes charged by those who think they have in their keeping the counsels of the Almighty, it is not that people wish to doubt; it is not that they are content to be unbelievers concerning the great things of God and life and immortality. It is because they are so anxious to find the truth, because they are no longer willing to be led this way and that by lights that promise to be stars and that fade out as we follow them. It is because the modern world has determined to find out what is true, that this spirit of investigation has taken possession of them. Modern science then was born, and along with it came a great doubt, a doubt not merely as to continued existence, a doubt as to whether God himself existed, as to whether we had any light to guide us.

With this development of the spirit of modern science there sprang up Agnosticism. Men are saying on every hand, "I do not know." I do not wish to bring

any charge against these men. I have respect for them, so far as this Agnosticism means a careful inquiry as to what is true. We acknowledge that our world is a small one, beginning simply with what we know, and then working out from that, conquering the darkness, advancing into the unknown and making it ours. This is what the Agnostic desires. I do not believe that the man who, when he is asked if he believes that God exists, says, "I do not know," who, when asked, if he believes that he has or is a soul, says, "I do not know," who, when asked, if he believes in a future life, says, "I do not know," I do not believe these men wish to doubt God, wish to doubt that they are soul, wish to doubt continued existence. It is only that they study the past history and see men rushing wildly this way, and that after the will-o'-the-wisps that led them nowhere, which results in a little over-caution as to what they shall accept as true. There are persons who wish no future life, as the result of the hurry of over-work they become life-weary. People like Harriet Martineau, who, as she grew old, said: "I have had enough, I do not wish to live any longer." I have personal friends in my congregation who say to me, "Mr. Savage, I have had life enough; I am weary; I shall be glad to lie down and sleep and let that be the end of it." I have said to such people as these, as I say to you, I do not believe it is life that these people are weary of; it is certain conditions, certain accompaniments, certain burdens of life. I think Tennyson spoke profound truth in these words that are so true and beautiful.

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life, that breathes with human breath,
Has ever truly longed for death."

"'Tis life of which our nerves are scant
'Tis life, not death, for which we pant,
More life and fuller that we want."

This, I believe, to be the answer to those who out of their world-weariness, say that they would be content to sleep. I think these persons who imagine that they are going to enjoy sleeping so much have a sort of unconscious feeling that possibly they are going to be conscious of the fact that they are sleeping and having a good time at rest. The poets of the world have always been in the profoundness and truest sense of the word believers. You can not sing despair; you can not sing skepticism. You can put it, indeed, into rhyme and verse, but there is no life, no light, no power in these directions. And so I do not wonder that in answer to these agnostic questionings a poet like our own Oliver Wendell Holmes should burst out with

"Is this the whole sad story of creation,
Told by its breathing myriads o'er and o'er,
One glimpse of day, then black annihilation,
A sunlit passage to a sunless shore?
Give back our faith, ye mystery-loving lynxes,
Rove us once more in heaven-aspiring creeds
Better was dreaming Egypt with her sphynxes,
A stony convent with its cross and beads."

With the protest against despair I most heartily sympathize, but I can not agree with our beloved Holmes in the last two lines of his song. Infinitely better is black annihilation than the stony convent with its cross and beads, better outright unbelief than that which has been the creed of the Church for 1500 years. I rejoice in the doubt of the Agnostic rather than a faith like that of which I dreamed in my childhood of a city where my brothers and many a friend had gone and which I was to enter by-and-by; a city, but after all with only a few in it; a city over whose battlements you might look and down, down, and far away find the smoke of the torment ascending up towards the blue and hear the far-off wail of some poor lost soul. I would rather a thousand times give up all my heaven and be buried and ended like a dog in the dust, than to take heaven on any such terms as this. Were the gate of heaven open to me and all my friends invited me there, I would not enter it, if I could have my choice, at the price of the endless wail of my worst enemy, of the meanest, lowest, most degraded outcast that ever crawled on earth. I sympathize, then, with the agnosticism that is willing to doubt a scheme of the universe that carries with it such implications as that.

But there has come something else into the modern world. While the priest of science has stood in the door of his temple, over which was written no word of hope, there has burst forth from the hearts of the common people of this modern world, as though in response to this desolation of unbelief, that movement which you represent here to-night—the belief basing itself at any rate upon claimed proof, the belief that man does not die, that death is only another kind of birth, only an incident in our career, no more touching the reality of life than laying down to sleep last night and waking up this morning. Let us face, then, the condition of things here in this modern world for a few moments and see just precisely where we are as to this problem.

I believe that a very strong probability can be built up on the basis of reasoning as to future life. Let me recall to mind for a moment the sentence with which I began, the statement that man practically under every sky, in every religion, in all ages, believed that he was not to die. Do you know, friends, it seems to me when I stand facing a future like that, that it is one of the strangest and most stupendous things in the world? How does it happen? You stand and look at the pale, still form of your friend, and it certainly seems as though that was the end. How does it happen that man should have invented such a belief? What kind of a creature is this man who fancies that to him is given this prerogative of an endless life. If you should see one dog bending over the dead form of another, his comrade and companion, and if it were possible for a dog to put his thoughts into speech and he should utter that heart-cry of the old writer, and say: "If a dog die shall he live again?" you would think this a strange kind of animal; would you say: "Here is something more than an animal give birth to such a question as that?" Here are these bodies of ours, keeping their form only as a cataract keeps its form, the substance of which are composed in perpetual flux and change, almost as transitory as would be a cloud of dust whirled into form for a few moments in the street, dissolved and passing away again. And to this man born of the dust, apparently the very image of that which is most transient, compared to the cloud and to the swift ships and anything that pass and perishes, how is it that he should dare to dream this magnificent dream of continued existence? It seems to me that when we reflect that no matter what theory we accept as to our origin or the method of our coming into being, that we are the product of this universe, and that we stand related to it in some wonderful way, as a coin stands related to the die that has stamped it. When we remember that whatever there is in us must have been in the universe that produced us, it seems to me hard to escape the conviction that this belief in immortality is a whisper of the infinite to the soul man. And yet it falls short of a demonstration; it is not proof. And if a person wishes proof for his belief, he must lay that one side.

There is another consideration that I will just take one moment to call your attention. It is a triumph of this modern science which has brought so much doubt and skepticism into the world. Science has slain Ma-

terialism as a philosophy and as a science. Materialism is outworn philosophy and disregarded science to-day in the world. This universe is alive all through, from star to star, thrilling and pulsing and throbbing with life. There is no such thing as dead matter. This material, phenomenal universe of which we are a part, is only the changing expression, the clothing of a infinite, eternal, timeless energy of life.

Then there is just one other consideration. If some one asked me philosophically or scientifically to try to prove continued existence, I should say it falls short of proof. But I should suggest that the universe seems to me a rational thing, and that to end in the dust would seem to be the defeat and denial of reason. For millions of years, from star-dust down to the appearance of these planets on one of which is our home; and then from the first beginning of the appearance of life in its lowest forms on the planet, climbing up through fish and reptile and bird and animal to man, life has been making this wondrous ascent; and then from a period three or four hundred thousand years ago when man first appeared on the planet, until to-day, climbing this pathway of dust, of blood, until at the summit of the world's civilization, the Homers, the Virgils, the Dantes, the Goethes, the Shakespeares, the Gautamas, Jesus—to say that this process, climbing age after age through millions of years should culminate in nothing but—dust, seems to me the very denial of reason. I do not believe that the power and life of which this universe is only a manifestation, has been going on through this long period of preparation to end in nothing at all.

But this is the only proof we have, unless we find it along some of the lines represented by those interests in which you are engaged. The Church believes on the basis of a purely anonymous tradition. And it seems a very curious thing that the Church could say that your cause is without foundation, when the only proof it has of a future life is through similar phenomena nineteen hundred years or two or three thousand years ago; and these assurances on purely anonymous testimony. We must stand face to face with the fact that as much as we would like to believe in continued existence, there is no proof, unless we are to find it in the modern world. * * *

This leads me to my interest in psychical investigation; and if you will pardon me, I will tell you what led me to investigate it. Something like eighteen years ago, soon after I had gone to Boston, one of my parishioners came to me. She had recently lost her father, and she said: "I have been to see a medium, and certain wonderful things have been told me, and now I have come to you for advice. Shall I go again? Shall I pursue this matter any further? Is it safe? Is it wise? What is your opinion about it?" And there, friends, I waked up with a light sense of shock to a consciousness of the fact that I had no opinion. I was obliged to confess to her as an honest man: "I have no advice to give; I have nothing in the world on this subject but prejudices. I am prejudiced against them. I have been accustomed to look upon it askance, to think of it as a little bit off color." I began to think as I said to myself, here are thousands of people in America and Europe who have either discovered the most magnificent truth of the world or have been misled by the most lamentable delusion, either one or the other. And in either case I said, I as a minister standing in personal relations to a parish, they looking to me for advice, I ought to know if possible which it is and be fit to give them advice, else I am not fit to be their minister. I began studying with that purpose. I have never pursued these investigations from personal curiosity. I have friends, I hope, in that other life; I never allowed myself to investigate merely for the purpose of trying to get into communication with the dearest friend I have. I have studied it as I would study any other great problem, merely to find out its bearing on the nature of man if possible, and whether it had anything to say concerning man's future destiny.

I have pursued in this investigation the most rigid, exact scientific method. I have first tried to be absolutely sure of my fact, and then as I believe I ought to have done, I have tried to explain it by the nearest method. I have tried to explain every fact I have discovered without crossing any supposed border line or thinking I had anything to do with any other world. I have tried to explain it right here in this world just so far as possible, and I have allowed myself to be driven to facing the border and looking over only when there seemed no other rational, conceivable way with which to explain my fact.

There are three great things that are demonstrated as true in this modern world which I need speak of as preliminary, but which can be explained without going beyond, at least some of them can. First, hypnotism—and hypnotism, by the way, is a good illustration of the way these matters are treated by the public. When Mesmer began his experiments in Paris he was at first ridiculed, and a great scientific commission of experts was appointed to investigate it, and after a careful investigation they pronounced it all humbug. But now the leading scientific men of the world are agreed that it is true, and the leading physicians of France and Germany, of all European countries as well as America are using it as part of their regular practice of medicine. You may know that a person in this hypnotic sleep can be absolutely controlled, not only so far as his mind is concerned, but the senses as well. I have pursued the investigation in my own study with personal friends, and as one illustration of how completely the senses can be controlled, my friend who was acting as the control passed his hand over the arm and down the side of the subject in the hypnotic sleep and said: "Your left side is perfectly paralyzed, and the right side is as usual." I took a needle and pricked the back of his right hand and he snatched it away. I then stepped around and used his left hand for a pin-cushion, thrust the needle in it over and over again, and he didn't move it or show the slightest trace of any feeling whatever. Another pass and the sensation was restored again in precisely the same condition as the other side. You are aware, perhaps, of the fact that a blister has been raised on the arm of a person in the hypnotic sleep by merely putting a little water on the arm and suggesting that it was a virulent acid. In my study, with this same subject, we took a tiny glass of water and told him it was ammonia. He sniffed it, and the tears slipped down his face. We then took ammonia and told him it was water, and he sniffed it up his nose with entire satisfaction without producing any effect whatever. I speak of this as illustrating the tremendous power of the mind over the body in this state. There is another phase of it which I can't possibly explain; I have no theory to explain it. We tried this experiment with the same subject. I had half a dozen sheets of perfectly fresh writing paper. I marked the back of one of them, a private mark with a little, light touch with a pencil. They were double sheets, so there was no possibility of his seeing through. We took that sheet of paper and carried it to the man in the hypnotic sleep and told him there was a picture of a yacht on that paper, and he looked at it with a great deal of interest and brought it to me and pointed out the special features of the

yacht, seeing it with a great deal of delight. I then took the paper, shuffling this one up with the other six sheets of paper, with the private mark on the under side, so that I had not the slightest idea which was which, spread them out in fan-shape on the back of my desk and asked him to pick out the picture of the yacht. He did not handle the papers or turn them over, but simply came to the desk and looked along them, picked up this paper, and it was the one on which he had placed his mental picture of the yacht. This can be repeated over and over again, but by what process he selects the paper I have no theory; I have no possible way of explaining it. I simply speak of it as an inexplicable psychic fact.

Another thing has been demonstrated, and that is clairvoyance and clairaudience. Shopenhauer, a German philosopher, said not long ago that man in the modern world who denies the fact of clairvoyance does not show that he is bigoted, but simply that he is ignorant. I don't mean that all the people who advertise in the newspapers possess genuine clairvoyant power, but there is no question that there is genuine clairvoyant power. If I had time as I have not, I could give you some illustrations of this of the most remarkable kind. Perhaps you are familiar with the history of Mollie Fancher, the blind invalid, who, for twenty years, lay on her bed, the lower part of her body practically dead, and was able to read the contents of sealed envelopes, and copy their contents, being herself perfectly blind, and exhibiting this clairvoyant power in the most wonderful ways. But I have more important things to come.

The next thing that has been demonstrated as a fact is what we call telepathy or mind-reading, and this in the most wonderful way, and I take it if we could find out the exact fact about it we should find that all of us are psychics, as we call them, within certain limits. There are differences in degree, and it does not indicate necessarily differences in natural endowments. You find two people equally intellectual; one has musical ability and talent and the other has not. Both have latent musical ability, perhaps one has genius. General Grant said that after long practice, hearing it over and over again, he at last got to understand when they were playing "Hail to the Chief." But General Grant undoubtedly had this latent ability that some day may be unfolded. So all of us I take it have latent psychic faculty. I suppose that what we call psychics or mediums—I use that term as it does not beg any question—we all have more or less of this power, but in some cases there is a remarkable development. Let me give you one illustration of this ability, I mean to discern or communicate facts without much regard to distance. Some years ago there was a ship sailing in the Indian Ocean. She belonged in New York. The Captain was a New York man. He was engaged to be married to a young lady living in the East. One day he came to the first mate, white and excited, and calling this young lady by name said: "She has just died; I have seen her die," and then he went on to explain the conditions and what he saw, the house, the circumstances, the disease, the whole thing in detail. He had seen her die and she was in New England at the time. The mate in his note book set down carefully the date, the details, all the facts. It was more than a hundred days—I forget just the precise number—before they reached New York. They crossed no ship from which they could get any news in the meantime. When they landed in New York they found that the young lady was dead, that she had died on that day, died in precisely those conditions and under those circumstances as her lover had seen her die from the deck of his ship in the Indian Ocean half-way around the world. The mate to whom the captain came and who set down these records on the spot is an intimate, loved friend of mine and an artist to-day of national reputation, whose name you would recognize should I speak it. There is no question as to the fact.

Here, then, are these cases of the communication of mind with mind without regard apparently to distance. I have been accustomed to study these things in such a way as when a new case came to my mind to examine it with the utmost scrutiny until I was absolutely sure it was true. But after I find out that a certain thing is possible, then it seems to me rational for me to accept another case of a like kind without looking so carefully into its credentials. Another case was given me the other day. About eight years ago I married a gentleman that went with his wife to the Azores and to Europe and was gone several years. I saw him again this winter, and he told me that his wife had developed into a most remarkable sensitive, and that they were both sensitive to such an extent that when they were separated they could communicate with each other. The other day of this winter he went to Chicago on business and left his wife in Boston. It was agreed between them that at a certain hour she should sit perfectly passive with a pencil in her hand and write down any impressions that came to her, and after that he was to sit passive and try to get impressions from her. He says they exchanged messages with the verbal accuracy of telegrams. Mind-reading then is true.

But for instance, with hypnotism and clairvoyance and telepathy we are still in this world. I do not say, if we come to believe in the other world, that we may not find these things mixed up; but these alone are not sufficient to take us over the border. I am reminded here by way of suggestion of a story of Theodore Parker and Emerson. It is said that Parker and Emerson were taking a walk together in Concord one day, when a wild-eyed second-adventist rushed up and said to them excitedly that the world was coming to an end. Parker's reply has no application to my subject, but I give it as a part of the story. He said that didn't concern him, because he lived in Boston. But it is Emerson's reply that I wish you to note. He said: "Well, suppose the world is coming to an end; I think I can get along without it." Now, these points I have spoken of, hypnotism and telepathy and clairvoyance, these marvelous manifestations of mind which seem to be able to leave the body to one side, suggest with tremendous force the question as to whether some day we may not be able to get along without the body altogether; but taken alone they do not carry us quite far enough.

Now, I wish to come to some other phase of these manifestations. I have picked them out of my own personal experience almost at random. I have come to know with perfect certainty that there is some power that I can not account for as that of the mind embodied, that is able to move physical objects, that is able to accomplish results in the physical sphere. And, perhaps, right here you will be interested in my calling your attention to a point that Professor Elliot Coues has made with a good deal of force. He says that the material world is absolutely under the law of gravity. Now, he says, if we discover some force which is able to move a particle of matter which is no larger than a pin's head in a way which seems to contravene these forces of gravity here he says is the Rubicon, and we have crossed from material to that which we must regard as spirit force and power. Now, I know that there is a power that is able to make objects heavier than they

naturally would be or lighter than they naturally would be. Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who is inclined to be a Materialist and takes no stock whatever in the ordinary psychic investigation, has told me that he has sat upon an ordinary piano with five or six other men and had the whole thing lifted in the air simply at the touch of a woman's hand. He believes that; I believe that it is possible. I have a friend, who, in the presence of his boy of fourteen, acting as a medium, a man that weighs two hundred pounds, says he has sat upon his library table and been lifted up in the air and carried around the room. He says he has asked the force, whatever it was, to make the table heavy and it has been made heavy; he has asked to have it made light and it was so light he could lift it with one of his fingers. These things have been demonstrated by scientific men with scientific instruments. I had a little personal experience which convinced me that something was going on. A young man once came into my study and told me what I didn't believe a word of; he told me he had seen an accordion played on without any visible hands. I didn't believe that he was a liar exactly, but I thought he was mistaken. To-day I have learned to have a good deal of charity for people who look me in the face and think that something is the matter when I tell them some yarn that seems to them utterly incredible. But I have seen this matter of the accordion being played upon without any contact. Professor Crookes claims to have proved the possibility of this under scientific principles. I sat one morning in the presence of a medium in the room of a hotel in Boston, in broad daylight at 10 o'clock in the morning. There I took an accordion which was laying on the table and I pulled it to pieces. It was a simple plain accordion with no mechanism about it. Then I saw the medium take it in one hand, holding it by the side opposite to what on which the keys were, while long tunes were played on it, the other side being pulled out and pushed in without any visible touch of anything, and this with the accordion within three feet of me and with my eyes open. Then something still more extraordinary. I said, "Why won't they play for me?" She said, "Perhaps they will, you can try it." I took the accordion in my hand. They didn't play for me, but they did something, or somebody did something which was quite as convincing to me. The accordion was seized—I know of no other way to express it—and I had a struggle as real as I ever had in a wrestling contest with another boy. I had to fight for the accordion to keep it. There was some force that wrestled and struggled with me to take it away from me while I wrestled and struggled to keep it. I succeeded in keeping the accordion, but it was quite as convincing to me as though a tune had been played that something was the matter.

Now, to pass to another phase. I have been told over and over again things which I know the medium did not know but which I did. Experiences like this of being told things which I know the medium never could have known have become to me as commonplace as shall I say it?—the telephone. The telephone is commonplace; anything wonderful gets to be commonplace to us, who are in such a hurry, in about a week. Instead of stopping to worship at the marvel of it we grumble if it is out of order. The telephone is as inexplicable a wonder as the facts I have been speaking of. So it has come to be commonplace as the telephone to me to be told by a medium things which a medium never knew or could by any possibility have known, but which I knew. I put those things aside. I said those are facts, but possible telepathy, mind-reading, may explain these things. In some mysterious way, possibly my mind reflected my knowledge to the medium and the medium simply gives back to me what I have given her or him. So I said, I must go farther than that before I can be sure that I am led across the border into dealing with another life. But here are cases—I start with a case that leads towards that border; I don't know what to do with it. My daughter wished to visit one of the most famous mediums in America at the present time, and she wished to go absolutely alone. She never had seen the medium or been seen by her. She had no idea of deception, but simply wished to be utterly unknown. So she wrote her a letter and asked for reply at the address of a friend living in another part of the city. Being thus perfectly unknown, she took three locks of hair; one belongs to her mother, the other two were given her by a friend and concerning them she was absolutely ignorant; she had no idea as to what they were at all. She took them and put one of them in the middle of the book, another in the front, and another towards the back of the book in three envelopes and went to the medium. The medium entered into a trance and while in the trance she placed three locks of hair in her hands and made a careful record of what was said about it. Concerning the mother's hair she at once told all about it accurately, with names and facts. Then she told her story about the other locks of hair concerning which my daughter knew nothing; but when she was able to verify the facts by reference to the friends who had given her the hair, she found that in each case she had told a perfectly accurate story. This, of course, could not have been mind-reading; there was no embodied mind present that knew anything about it.

Now, I will come to a problem that I could not even try to solve by any reference to this world. I had a lady friend who had been dead, as we say, for three or four months. I was having some sittings at this time with a personal friend, not a public medium, the wife of a leading physician of Boston. She possessed this psychic power, whatever it is. She was so shy about it it would be impossible to hire her with money to consent to sit with any friend that she was not intimate with, and she kept it so carefully that many members of her own family, some of her sisters, did not know she was interested in it. I was sitting with her. She was a trance medium, giving the ordinary physical manifestations, spelling out messages by the alphabet, and then she was an automatic writer. This day her hand was controlled—and, by the way, her hand would write when she was reading a book or engaged in conversation with me about some other subject when she would be utterly unconscious of what the hand was writing. Now, it would be a large striking, dashing, business man's writing, signed by a man's name, then written with slowness and care, the little delicate handwriting of an old lady, each time suiting the character and in no case being anything like her own handwriting in a normal condition. This day two pages of note-book were written over addressed to me. I was not thinking of this friend I have spoken of as having died, and up to this time, the friend who was acting as psychic did not know that any such person as this friend of mine had ever lived, so there was no possibility of her guessing or surmising anything. Here came these two pages of note-paper written. I took it up and in perfect silence looked at it and read it and said to myself, if it was possible I would be willing to take my oath that this friend of mine had written it. I turned as if she was present and said: "Won't you be kind enough to give me your name?" Immediately the name was given, maiden and married. I asked again, "How many children did you have?" "Five." We started a conversation that lasted for an hour, a natural conversation. I said: "Do you remember a book we used to read together years and years ago?" And she answered that she did and gave me the name of the author. "Do you remember one particular poem we were both especially fond of?" She gave me that, and so we went on in our conversation. When I was through with that I said again: "She has not said anything which I did not know," and again making a record of it I put it one side and said, "I want to know something that neither the psychic nor I ever knew." A week later we had another sitting. This same friend claimed to be present. It occurred to me to make a little test. So I said to her, "Do you know where your sister

Ellen is this moment?" She was the only sister then living, and married and living in Maine, and this sitting was in Boston. I had reason for supposing that Ellen would be likely to be away from home in another part of the State, there were certain family reasons that made me think so, so all my mental prepossession was in favor of her being away. The answer came, "No, I don't know where she is; I have no means of knowing unless I could go or send." I said: "Can you send or go? Won't you go and find out?" "I will try." I said: "Shall I wait?" She says, "Yes," and we sat for about fifteen minutes, at the end of which time the table began to move. I said: "What is it?" She gave her name and said she had returned. I asked where Ellen was. She says, "She is at home in her own house; she is just getting ready to go out." I sat down and wrote her a letter and said: "I will explain why I want to know sometime, but now just answer where you were on such a day and at such an hour and what were you doing?" The answer came: "I was at home that day as usual, and about the hour you speak of I made a call on one of the neighbors." Here was a little bit of news that came two hundred miles a little faster than the telegraph, and that neither the psychic nor I could have known anything about.

The next week we had another sitting. This dead friend came to me again and said to me: "Ellen is in great trouble; she is passing through the greatest sorrow of her life. I wish I could make her know that I care; I wish you would write her a letter for me." I said, "What is it?" And then there was a distinct and definite hesitation, as though it was a delicate matter she didn't know whether she should speak about it or not. At last after what appeared to be a little reflection she said, "The cause of her trouble is her husband's infidelity and cruelty." I had never seen her husband but once; I should not know him now if he were before me. I had always supposed they were happy, and the friend who was acting as psychic did not know that there were any such people. She went into some detail to explain the situation. Then I sat down and wrote Ellen and said: "Are you in any special trouble, and if so and you can, will you tell me about it?" I received a letter marked "Private and confidential," confirming every single thing that had been told me, and begging me at the end of the letter to burn it, saying: "If my husband knew I had written such a letter he would kill me!"

Now, friends, what shall I do with a bill of news that tells me not only external things but internal mental facts and circumstances. I don't see how clairvoyance or telepathy or mind-reading or any of the ordinary explanation can even touch it. When two people are alone in a room and communications are made to them of something occurring in another State, then it seems to me that we must suppose a third intelligence as active to account for it.

These, then, friends, are some of the facts—I could stand here and talk to you until midnight about cases of my own personal experience, many of them perhaps even more wonderful—these are some of the facts that are being dealt with by the Society for Psychical Research in England and America. One grand thing that has been accomplished by the existence and activity of this society is that it has at least made psychical investigation respectable. The one danger, if there is a danger about it now, is that it will become a fad, that it will get to be not only respectable but fashionable, and fashionable people are not the ones ordinarily to pursue an investigation of this sort with any great amount of satisfaction to other people. It has become, then, respectable, so that it has a scientific standing over the world. Professor Sedgwick, the president of the psychical society in England, one of the great Cambridge professors, a world-famous student and writer on ethics, has declared to the face of English society and students that it was a scandal that these facts could be claimed to be facts for so many years and not be scientifically and carefully investigated. And the world is hearing such voices as this, and only last year at the meeting of the old hoary conservative British Association, Professor Lodge, of Liverpool, President of the Scientific, Physical and Philosophical Section, dared to bring it up in the meeting of the British Association. Such a thing was never heard of in the history of man before. And he told these scientific prejudiced men to their faces that he had investigated this matter—this same psychic I have spoken of had visited England and been in his house—until he was perfectly certain here was something demanding the earnest, serious attention of the scientific world. It is getting a standing, then, in all the leading nations of Europe and all over Europe. It is being earnestly and carefully investigated, and it seems to me, friends, that only blind bigotry, the most stupid prejudice can under-estimate the importance of it. I do not know of any other subject on the face of the earth that for one moment can compare with it in importance. On the turning of this investigation depends the opinion which the intelligent world is to hold in the future as to the nature and the destiny of man. And I believe that some of the most important of our economic and social problems depend upon its solution. What do I mean? I have no time to go into detail. Let me hint in one direction what I mean. The world is growing, developing, growing richer, and riches are being concentrated in a few hands. The masses of men are being educated, hungering, longing, desiring in every direction, with only scant means for feeding these hungers. They used to be content in the old times to stay in those positions which the kind ministers told them had been ordained theirs by divine Providence. They used to be willing to take suffering and poverty here and dream of mansions in the skies, but they have lost those dreams, and now the Socialists in Germany and in France are saying frankly: "We have been put off with our share of the good things of life to the next world long enough; we don't believe in any next world and you don't, and we propose to have our share here." Can you blame them under those conditions? If you have got only a half dozen bones, and if you have got twenty hungry, starving dogs, do you wonder that they scramble and fight for them? If they only know they are dogs and have no desire for anything but bones, why shouldn't they? If you closed down to the horizon a hermetically sealed cover and shut this human race under as animals with no hopes of a future, do not wonder if they scramble and struggle and fight for the bones of comfort and enjoyment; do not wonder if a thousand men are a little discontented with their hunger when they see one man with a thousand times his apparent share. This is the kind of problem they have got to face. But, friends, suppose after all the dream of the Church, unsupported as it was in the old time, should come to be demonstrated true? Suppose instead of being a dog and eating only a bone, I am a man having not only physical hungers, but mental, moral, spiritual hungers, a child of God, able to commune with God and share his destiny? Suppose I can become convinced that this life is only a vestibule to the next, that I am only here at school studying lessons and perhaps crying over my books because I don't understand the meaning of them or the relation to the life of the beyond. Suppose I can become convinced that this is only the doorway, and that death is only the open gate leading out toward a limitless career? Suppose the world becomes convinced of this as scientific? Then it does not make so much difference. Suppose here is a man smothered beneath his mask of possessions so that he has no time to learn that he has got a soul or is a soul, or hardly that he has a mind? I do not envy him any longer. It does not make much difference whether we are rich or poor, sick sometimes or well—all these things are only instances of those on a journey and we can bear them and be patient, and with this great belief we can lift the world up to the height of heart and brain and soul, out of animalism and the petty animal struggle for personal present immediate satisfaction. That is what I mean. (Applause.)

This is what I mean by one hint as to the important things that hang upon the settlement of this great problem. I am not in any special hurry, I can wait until I die to find out for myself a great deal better than I can afford to be fooled. If somebody now can explain my facts to me I will begin all over again. I can't imagine how any one can desire to know anything that is not true. I want the truth and only the truth. But I believe that whatever else comes of this there is going to be an enormous enlargement of our theory concerning the nature of men here, and I hope these little carrels that we have of ours that have started out on this tour of investigation on the unknown sea are like the carrels of Columbus. I believe, I trust, at any rate I hope that these signs that come to us do mean hints of that other country, and that by and by while we shall not lose our interest in this life, rather I believe it will be heightened by a knowledge of the other—we should be in no hurry to get over there, because we should learn that right careful living here is the necessary preparation for going over there—I believe, however, I hope and trust that these signs and indications that come to us are as the occasional flight of birds or the drift of the water that indicated to Columbus that he was in the neighborhood of another world. I trust that we are on the seem petty and trifling by comparison; a discovery that we are not animals only, but are men, sons and daughters of God, beginning here a career that leads out and along starlight pathways toward the eternally to be approached and never to be attained infinite perfection. (Applause.)